MEN WANTED. (SEE PAGE 2.)

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 136. [PUBLISHED EVERY MONDAY.] WEEK ENDING JUNE 10TH, 1911. ONE PENNY.

Wood-Milne Rubber Heels.

WHERE THEY TOUCH YOU.

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THE BEST HEEL MADE.

No. 3 Quality.
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The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 136. WEEK ENDING JUNE 10TH, 1911. ONE PENNY.

LEARNING TENNIS.

THE NEED FOR PREPARATION.

Nine men out of ten on taking up tennis art playing right away. This is both selfish nd a mistake—selfish because it is no fun or people to play with you before you can erve or take a ball properly; a mistake, ecause playing in this fashion it will take ou months and months to acquire any com- and of the racquet, whereas if you prac- se properly you will do so in three weeks.

The best way to practise is to knock up ball against a blank wall on which line has been marked at the height of a ennis net.

From the very beginning practise hitting he ball both forehand and backhand until ne is as easy as the other to you. In a week r so you should be able to keep the ball p three or four hundred times—that is, from he bounce. Then practise taking it on the olley.

After three or four weeks of such prac- ice, for, say, half an hour a day, you should e able to take part in a pretty good-class ame without making an exhibition of your- elf.

THE HAND ON THE HANDLE.

AN INTERESTING CRICKET FACT.

Watch a careful batsman playing his first over, and take special notice of how he is holding his bat. You will probably find that he is grasping it at no very great distance from the "shoulders." Then, as confidence increases, the hands will move further upwards, until at last, when the batsman is well "set" and is hitting with the greatest freedom, you will notice him to be holding the handle of his bat almost at the very top.

It is interesting to note the divergency of opinion that exists among famous cricketers with regard to the correct position for the hands to occupy on the bat. C. B. Fry holds his very high up on the handle, while G. L. Jessop holds it much lower down.

The views of two famous players, W. G. Grace and Richard Daft, make an interesting comparison.

Says "W. G.," "Experience has taught me that it is most advantageous to hold the bat with the right hand about half-way up the handle, and with, of course, the left hand just above it."

Richard Daft advocates holding the handle of the bat at the top. "If this is not done," says he, "the bat might just as well be so much shorter than it is."

CHEEK.

P.C. Greaves, who gave evidence in the Morrison trial, has been transferred to Pinner. Is this why P.C. Greaves?

* * *

Lord Brassey has joined the "Votes for Women" Movement. Brassey has evidently found his cleek—I mean clique.

* * *

"Owing to a printers' strike," says a weekly paper, "Cape Town papers have been coming out with only the barest news." Gossip about prominent Salomé dancers, I presume.

* * *

Musical Note:—Singers are agreed that a tenor is preferable to a bass—because a tenner will buy gallons of the other, doubtless.

* * *

A critic of James Sherlock, the Stoke Poges golf professional, says that he plays better after the turn. Exactly. His game is sound on the outward journey; but you always see the best golf when Sherlock "homes."

* * *

Mr. J. W. Babcock has discovered that "a long head and a long face rarely go together." Often enough, however, the long head is a woman's—and the long face belongs to her husband.

* * *

Mr. C. T. Stanford declares: "I do not know a more exact person than the angler!" Exact-lie, what?

* * *

With regard to Sir William Bass's claim against Mr. Arthur St. L. Lee Guinness, I fancy that the former's attack will be bitter and the latter's resistance stout.

* * *

Heard in a hansom after the show at the Garrick Theatre:—"Maudie dear, after having seen 'Kismet' once, won't you Kisme(t) twice?"

* * *

I learn from the "Daily Mirror" that singing before meals promotes an excellent appetite. I think I shall give up so-called journalism and go in for "busking."

* * *

No, Cuthbert, despite the fact that the Royal Military Tournament was widely described as a "stirring spectacle," that certainly does *not* mean that there was any spooning in it.

* * *

Great is the power of journalism! The "Sun" was extinguished long ago, and now the size of the "World" has been altered!

* * *

A smart three-year-old is called Holy Smoke. It is said that he can go like steam.

J. S. Cox.

DOING UP PARCELS.

WHERE TO LEARN THE ART.

When a parcel is being sent to some friend, it usually falls to the lot of the man in the house to do it up.

In many cases, however, the efforts of the man are by no means satisfactory, and the parcel leaves the house with bulging corners and ill-tied knots that imply a tremendous, and often unmerited, trust in the tender-handedness of the post office and railway company officials.

To be able to do up a parcel neatly and securely is one of the things that a man should pride himself on, and, like everything else worth knowing, it has got to be learnt.

The best way to learn it thoroughly is to spend half an hour with a professional packer. Nearly all the large drapery establishments keep a packer, whose work consists of nothing but tying up parcels.

It is only necessary for him to allow you to watch him at work, as you can easily follow his methods when you have observed them.

A polite request to the head shop-walker, and a modest tip to the packer, will secure you the necessary amount of tuition.

"DUCK-PUDDLE."

HARROW'S FAMOUS SWIMMING BATH.

The name originated in the o'd days when the bathing-place was little more than a muddy duck-pond, but now "duck-puddle" is a splendid bath, with Portland cement-lined bottom and sides and an area of over 30,000 square feet.

They are keen on swimming at Harrow, and there are various distinctions to be won.

The highest of all is the Royal Humane Society's medal given annually to the boy who shows the best knowledge of life-saving methods.

Next to this comes admission to the ranks ot the "Dolphins." This is only to be gained by passing the following tests in swimming:

1. Header from high running-board.
2. Swimming five lengths of the bath—that is, roughly, half a mile.
3. Swimming for twenty minutes, showing three styles—namely, breast-stroke, side-stroke, back-stroke, and so performing the following feats during the swim: (a) Diving under a hurdle; (b) climbing out on to the lowest running-board without touching the side of the bath, and taking a fair standing header in again.
4. Diving for and bringing to shore again a dummy representing a drowning man.

MEN WANTED.

OPENINGS IN THE COLONIES AND HOW TO GET THERE.

* * *

In these days emigration seems to be in the air, in spite of the warnings that we read from time to time in various papers. Scattered throughout central London are the offices of the several Colonies and Dependencies, from which a flood of literature is issued pointing out the advantages which will be enjoyed by the emigrant, and the openings that await him.

There is something, perhaps, a little undignified in this advertising policy and in the keeping of a shop by a great country, with a large window in which to display its wares, and there is something undeniably sad in the fact that every year thousands of our best men leave the British Isles to seek fame and fortune in other lands.

It is not only the ne'er-do-weels who emigrate; their prospects are no better in the Colonies than at home; but good men go too—men who only need the opportunity to succeed, or who long for the life in the open that England cannot give them.

However, the facts have to be faced, and men are wanted in the Colonies. Let us see, then, what the principal Colonies and Dependencies have to offer them.

SOUTH AFRICA.

It may be well at the outset to warn any intending emigrant against going to any South African Colony (with the possible exception of Rhodesia) in search of work. Only those who are going to some definite position are advised to go there.

The demand for unskilled labour is practically non-existent, since the Kaffir population supplies nearly all that is required at low wages.

The cost of living everywhere is high, especially in the less accessible parts, although clothing, which is dear in Canada, is fairly cheap.

Farmers are wanted in Natal and in Rhodesia, but some local experience is necessary.

The best time for arriving is in September, but almost any time of year is suitable. The summer lasts from December to February.

Assisted passages are granted in special cases to Natal and Orange River Colony. The ordinary fares range from about nine guineas upwards.

The addresses of the Agents General are:

Cape Colony—98, Victoria Street, London, S.W.

Natal—26, Victoria Street, London, S.W.

Transvaal—72, Victoria Street, London, S.W.

Orange River Colony—121, Victoria Street, London, S.W.

Southern Rhodesia—138, Strand, London, W.C.

AUSTRALIA.

The chief demand in Australia is for farmers and fruit growers, who must gain local experience by working on a farm or on a cattle station for a year or so for their keep.

Mechanics and general labourers will also find openings, but clerks and shopmen will not do so. Professional men may also do well.

Any time of year is suitable for arriving, but the seasons are the reverse of ours.

Assisted passages are given in special cases to some parts. The fares vary considerably.

CANADA.

One of the great attractions of Canada is its climate, which is healthy and invigorating. It is hotter in summer and colder in winter than the climate we are used to, but the dryness of the atmosphere modifies both these extremes so that they are far from oppressive.

In many trades, however, work is very slack during the winter, so that it is most inadvisable to go out after autumn or before spring. April is the best time to arrive.

There is a popular idea that it is possible to get free or assisted passages to Canada. This is not so. The ordinary fare from Liverpool or from various other ports in the British isles is £5 15s., third class, or from £8 upwards, second class.

Farming, of course, provides the best opening in Canada, where much land remains undeveloped, and an experienced farmer with a capital of 20s. to 25s. for each acre he intends to work may well start on his own. He may obtain a free grant of from 100 to 200 acres of forest land.

But he must be of an adaptable nature. Canadian methods differ from English, and the wisest plan is to work as a farm labourer for a year or two in order to learn Canadian ways.

The demand for mechanics and other workers is comparatively small even during the summer months, while clerks and office-workers should not on any account emigrate.

The usual hours of work are nine to ten hours a day, and Saturday half-holidays are by no means general.

The cost of living on the whole is higher than at home. Rent, fuel, clothing, and servants cost more, but otherwise the necessaries of life are generally cheaper, while the luxuries are dearer.

Premiums should on no account be paid for instruction in farming. The Government agents will assist a settler to obtain work at a living wage.

Full particulars can be obtained from the Canadian Government offices in all the big cities, the address in London being 11 and 12, Charing Cross, S.W.

NEW ZEALAND.

There are openings in New Zealand for many trades as well as for farmers, and full particulars must be obtained from the High Commissioner, at 13, Victoria Street, S.W.

The ordinary fares are from £16 upwards.

The cost of living as compared with the wages given is low, but clothing is dearer.

New Zealand probably offers the best prospects to the skilled worker who wants to stick to his own trade or business rather than take to farming.

In most Colonies trades are not so clearly defined as at home, so the all-round man has a chance.

The amount of free luggage is limited, so that only light household goods, tools, and clothes should be taken.

The Emigrants' Information Office, 31, Broadway, Westminster, supplies information on all Colonies.

J. GERVAISE.

TRACK WALKING.

PRACTICAL TIPS.

The best training for track-walking is steady road walking, but many men start training on the track rightaway.

This is a mistake, because you do not get the benefit and encouragement of changing from road to track, and always walking on the track you soon reach your limit, and are likely to go stale, whereas beginning on the road you improve when you come to the track and are correspondingly pleased and encouraged.

The distance you should walk on the road must necessarily depend on your own limitations and ambitions.

If you are a ten-mile man, you should practise on the road until you can comfortably do that distance in one hundred minutes, and you should try to do each mile in ten minutes, and not some faster than others.

This is where walking differs from running. Except in the sprints, a runner may with advantage vary his pace, saving himself for a final burst, but, though I don't say that a walker should never sprint, a regular pace is the main secret of success in walking, and an even pace means, of course, a regular, easy action.

Walkers have very different styles. There have been great walkers who walked with the body bent forward, and there have been equally great ones who walked with a distinct cant backwards.

However, making due allowance for the eccentricities of genius, an upright, though not necessarily a stiff, ramrod-like position is undoubtedly the best. Any deviation from the upright must tend to disturb the walker's natural balance, and a firm easy balance is a big factor towards success.

Walking is a matter of leg, body, and arm swing, each helping to regulate the other.

In regard to leg swing, walkers again have very divergent styles.

Some keep the front leg straight from the moment it touches the ground until it leaves it again for the next forward swing. Others keep the knees bent throughout, while others again bring the leg forward bent, straightening it the moment the other leg comes forward.

Personally, I prefer to keep the front leg straight until it again leaves the ground, but each of the other styles has many adherents, and the main thing is to find out for yourself in which style you can walk best and most comfortably and to stick to it.

Body swing is a swaying of the hips, and the longer the stride the more pronounced the swing will be.

The walker's tracks are almost in a straight line, the swing bringing the feet round and inwards so that the footmarks are almost immediately behind one another.

This is characteristic of good walkers, but body swing may easily be overdone, with the result that the body rolls from side to side, the stride is invariably shortened, and the walker loses pace and distance, and uses up a great deal of energy.

The management of the arms is an important factor in walking. Some walkers swing the arms scarcely at all, with the result that they walk stiffly and tiringly, but the more usual fault is to swing the arms too much, which leads in turn to too much body swing.

The elbows should not be raised above the waist, nor should they ever be drawn far back.

The arm swing should be regular and synchronise with the body and leg swing.

Once more, the great thing is to find out what you can do, and by constant practice to make sure of doing it easily.

R. D. BIRCH.

THE BACKWOODSMEN

AN EPISODE.

By F. C. HARTINGTON.

The penchant of my front tyre for picking up thorns, splinters, or nails in the dullest of places had held good in a little West Country town on my touring line.

It was in this case a piece of paleolithic flint that had run a jagged scar all along my peerless Dunlop, and the little man at the one cycle shop had pronounced it a two hours' job, which, being translated by the "boots" at the unobtrusive hotel in the very quietest of main streets, was said to mean that I might as well book my room there and done with it."

The view from the bar-parlour was eloquent of profound slumber. Passers-by, sagging along, were walkers in their dreams.

I suppose my face must have shown my thoughts, for the dark-haired little man in the corner—very evidently a groom—nodded sympathetically.

"If you look out o' the winder long enough, sir," he said, "you'll see the only bit of life an' colour in this place. Everything's sort o' faded like the sun-blinds opposite. The bank frontin' there used to be a bit gay, say a dozen years ago, but that's gone as dull as the old bricks o' those hundred-year-old shops. It was a bit too garish, that bank. They 'ad to tone it down and make it a bit respectable, otherwise they wouldn't 'ave 'ad nothing but overdraft clients. . . . There—look there!"

The groom broke off suddenly, as a highly sporting young man swung past, his royal blue Tyrolean hat atilt, his brilliantly ornate, well-waisted riding coat open and displaying a waistcoat of the most gorgeous purple. His nether limbs were encased in wondrous New-market-cut riding breeches, classically shaped canvas leggings, short in length as fashion decrees, and surmounting a pair of beauteous boots.

"There, that's 'im—'im with the 'at wot 'urts the local 'Odges' eyes. That's Mr. Rex, my guv'nor's son. You look at the rest o' these fellows with their shucky trousers, their old pepper-an'-salt Norfolks, with the badly-settin' collars that a Mile End sweated Jew tailor 'ud be ashamed of. They're the gilded youth o' this town.

"You're right. *We* aren't what you might call natives o' this 'ere village and a 'arf. There was times when we used to live—when we 'ad our town house. I used to drive the family in the Park then every day in the Season. Lovely open victoria, and very swagger. Policemen at the Marble Arch used to touch their 'ats to me. I 'ad a brand-new livery every year. And in these 'ere evil days pig-dealers, cattle-drivers, an' old market women ask me for lifts if I'm goin' their way in our gig or our dog-cart. Nice thing, ain't it?

"But, as Mr. Rex says, we're fairly Lloyd George*d pro tem.* We're the mighty fallen; we're the so-called rich sent empty away. It's the worst o' bein' interested in tax-burdened breweries in these 'ard times.

"All we've got to live on is 'ope for a rise in the shares we 'old and can't sell, and as that ain't likely to 'appen unless some all-seeing Providence smites these 'ere Radicals with a good, sound devastatin' plague, I don't see we've got the chance that any member of the present Cabinet has got of goin' to 'eaven.

"Unnecessarily bitter, you say? Well, look at me cockade with 'arf the spikes of it chipped off, observe me odd brass buttons, look at me pants. You could, on one side of 'em, use 'em as a lookin'-glass. . . . No, it ain't that the guv'nor is thoughtless of 'is faithful servant. It's the danged livery tailors. Not another two penn'orth o' tick will they give us.

"Got some blarmed sarcastic blighters in their countin'-'ouse. I 'ad a little job done a few years ago on me own. Sent me in a bill the other day—it's only four an' a tanner—and where they usually put the date o' the execution o' the order they wrote, in their neat Bond Street 'and, 'Before the Flood.'

"Well"—he turned his eyes down to his breeches—"p'r'aps if they was to see these things, these crumblin' monuments to their 'andi-work, they'd think their sarcasm justified. They made 'em, you know, and the four an' a tanner was for takin' in the waist a little after the 'ard times above stairs 'ad reflected 'emselves in the servants' 'all.

"Now"—he unbuttoned the loose front of his waistcoat—"you see that they're fixed on to the nearest brace-button—and even so you could drop a pound packet o' Lipton's down 'em anywhere. Fallin' away—that's what's 'appenin' to me.

"Yet I s'pose I mustn't, as what Mr. Rex calls a barbarous backwoodsman, complain.

"Take Mr. Rex 'imself. 'E's been 'avin' a very quiet time lately. All 'is creditors 'ave got over bein' 'surprised' long enough ago. 'E's what you might call put to it.

"Told me the other day that 'e'd soon 'ave to 'ire a aeroplane to get out of the 'ouse, an' at the same time avoid the gardener, the stable-boy, and the kid wot cleans the boots—all creditors of 'is to the tune of odd shillin's borrowed casual.

"Sometimes 'e's that miserable that 'e says 'e 'll go to London and get a job or somethin', seein' as 'ow the guv'nor ain't in a position to allow 'im the pocket-money per week that an office-boy would turn up 'is nose at. When, 'owever, 'e gets to the station full o' resolutions, 'e remembers that railway companies won't let you open a little account with 'em, an' back 'e 'as to go.

"Yet for the family name, y' know, 'is father 'as to keep up our big establishment. Oh, you 'ave to do a lot for a family name when you've great-great-great-grandfathers attached to it an' a family ghost. But try as 'e may, Mr. Rex 'asn't been successful in strikin' any commodity which, when chinked in the pocket, sounds exactly like money.

"Funny thing 'appened a month or two back, which illustrates just what shortness o' the et-cet'ras of a gentleman brings you to.

"No County Court Registrar (and I've 'ad a bit of experience o' them, *I* can tell you) would put down visitin' cards as necessaries. But they are.

"You see, our old 'orse was goin' along in the dog-cart at 'is three mile an hour top speed when 'e carelessly knocks over a short-sighted gentleman—least, 'e wasn't a gentleman. 'E was an old chap walkin' about with a ready-made coat and a sun 'at on. (Ready-made things is no class. You always 'ave to pay cash for 'em.)

"I picks up the gentleman and explains that our unfortunate nag was blind in the off-eye (which 'e is), an' will 'e kindly excuse a poor animal who is sufferin' (because of 'is guv'nor's lack of ready money) from the want of the necessary knacker's exes.?

"With that, all politeness, Mr. Rex said as 'e 'oped 'e was feelin' no effects from the little accident, 'an could we repair our fault in ever such a slight degree by drivin' 'im to his destination?

"It appeared from his conversation that the old gent was stayin' down these parts for 'is 'ealth. Before we set 'im down 'e asked Mr. Rex for 'is card.

"Now, a copper plate is another thing they always want you to pay for in advance at the tin-pot stationer's 'ere and so Mr. Rex 'ad never 'ad any printed. Wherefore, when the gent asked for 'is card 'e was momentarily stumped. (I don't want you to think, sir, that Mr. Rex was tryin' to wriggle out of givin' 'is name. A thorough sportsman is Mr. Rex, and quite willin' to owe just damages to anyone.)

"'Owever, not likin' to look too much of a down-at-'eel, uncivilised native o' this Garden o' Sleep, 'e brings out 'is card case (pretty little thing; saw a two-guinea bill for that kickin' about in the 'arness room the other day), and 'ands to the old gent the card of a pal of 'is 'oo is very wealthy and 'oo 'ad turned up rough because Mr. Rex 'adn't paid 'im a dollar 'e owed 'im.

"Few weeks later (poor old chap 'ad got it in the neck somewhere) 'e pegs out an' leaves a pretty little bit o' beautiful ready money to the chap 'oo's name was on that card, because (I give you somethin' like the exact words o' the will) 'of his courtesy and kindly treatment to me after he had inadvertently knocked me down—a thing unusual of most drivers of vehicles on our English high roads.'

"So Mr. Rex's pal got the brass. Law action? Oh, yes, we shall be bound to 'ave one o' them over it one o' these days. But if we win, then the family lawyers will knock the little bit o' ready down to 'emselves for their fees for bein' served with our countless writs.

"A rotten life, ain't it? But sometimes a feelin' comes over me that we gentry and gentlemen's servants will 'ave our day again some day. The masses are gradually gettin' educated, you know. Civilisation is marchin'. A man of good family may be looked on by the next Government as being every bit as good as one of the labourin' class.

"There's no tellin' but what the next Chancellor of the Exchequer will (just as the present one don't like beer and baccy and taxes both) object to chocolate creams and soap and transfer the taxes to them.

"That's when we shall rise up like a bottle o' Guinness on a 'ot day. That's when, once again, we shall ask the servant to sweep the crumbs off our banquetin' table without feelin' that we're oppressin' of the workin' class in general.

"Think of it, sir—to be back to those great days again when the policemen will touch their 'ats to the shadow of the brewer's dray 'orse on the ground just as if it was the shimmery motor-car of the cocoa merchant to-day.

"Think of our sons rescued from slavin' in electric engineerin' works and set once again on boards o' beer companies at salaries appropriate to their 'igh station as 'op kings. . . .

"Ah, sir, 'ope springs eternal even beneath the much-darned vest o' the poor backwoodsman, existin' to-day on a credit basis an' a little cash saved from the times when 'e caught 'arf-bars flung by careless patrician, but now sadly over-taxed, 'ands."

As, in these optimistic words, the ancient retainer of the aristocracy of Burton concluded, there entered, in all the glory of his owed-for attire, the swagger "Mr. Rex."

He cast an eye at our empty glasses.

"Hang it all," he said to his groom, "must we stand in this bar on a hot day like this, utterly dry? A half-crown, quick, James, you miserable old Shylock. And come, sir, what's your poison?"

"That'll be two pound nineteen an' six, sir," said the little man, making an entry in a small pocket-book.

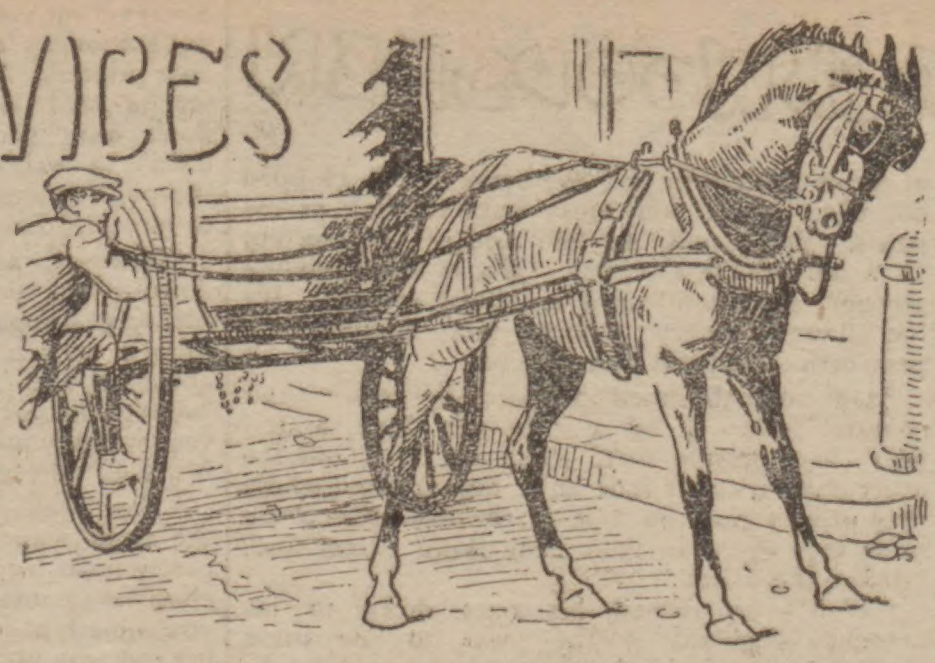
"Two nineteen six! Why, I make it two fifteen three."

"Ah, but you're forgettin' the *compound* interest on the five per cent. per month, sir," said the hireling of the upper classes.

And it was then that it became very clear to me why, even when the good beer is flowing untaxed and free again, the subjects of good King Bung will be such a long while chopping a way through the back woods where Brer Rabbit-wise, they "lay low" to-day.

"HORSES" VICES

SOME LITTLE RECOGNISED FACTS ABOUT THEM.



A nervous horse will either jump to one side or spin round when some object or other startles him. A horse that spins round invariably does so towards one particular side. To curb this we should find out the side which our mount favours in this respect, and hold a stick—about a foot and a half long—close to that side of his head.

Give him a sharp cut with this when required, and you will soon cure him of spinning round.

But do not use a whip. It is dangerous by reason of its flexibility, and curling up, may injure the animal's eye.

Horses throw their heads about in two distinct ways. Some lower their head, and then raise it simultaneously with a quick spring forward; and others simply throw their head back without any lowering movement at all.

In the first case, the rider should catch his mount with the snaffle rein—held in the right hand—just as he is beginning to lower it. This will make the gee raise it quickly, when he should be immediately urged forward with a strong pressure of the legs.

HURTING HIMSELF.

The curb reins—which are thus loose—should be firmly held in the left hand in such a way that if the horse tightens them by raising his head, he will be rewarded with a hard blow on the bars of the mouth.

The same treatment should be meted out to the horse which raises his head without lowering it first. Animals that toss their heads can often be cured in this way without having recourse to a martingale.

A horse is often thought to be running away when he is really only "carrying his rider." A real runaway is a horse who is so maddened that he cannot be guided.

A horse that carries his rider *can* be guided. He takes care to avoid dangerous obstacles, whereas the runaway dashes off with his head down and bloodshot eyes, and will hurl himself to destruction against anything that is in his way.

Here are some useful hints to any man who ever finds himself astride a runaway.

THE SAFETY OF WATER.

There is danger in everything on land, but salvation is often to be found in water. A collision with a fence, or even a fall on the level surface of a road, may be very serious; but if you are anywhere near a stream, always force your horse into it. A bath will pull him together. Most gees stop as soon as the water is breast high, others go on longer with wild kicks; but in time all will be found to give way to reason.

But—and it is a big but—avoid a directly perpendicular bank, because of the difficulty you are bound to experience in getting your mount out again.

It is an interesting point as to how to act if you are riding, and are in danger of being collided with by a runaway horse. The first thing to do is to get behind the first obstacle you meet—a tree, for instance. A runaway horse often does more harm to other riders than he does to his own.

If you are mounted and wish to assist a man who is being run away with, you should do so *at full speed*, overtaking the runaway and slightly passing him. Then let him come up with you, and as he does so, you should, while still going at a racing pace, grasp his curb reins as near as possible to the mouth with one hand while guiding your own horse with the other.

If you do not maintain a high speed while doing this, you will be thrown out of your saddle by the jerk received at the moment of gripping the runaway's reins.

What is more, you cannot hope to stop him unless you are equally sure of your own horse as you are of yourself.

If a horse you are driving jibs, try to ascertain whether there is any reason for his refusal to move. Sometimes it is because his load is too heavy, when a little help from you on the spokes of the wheel will set him going.

Another cure for jibbing is to turn the horse right round in a circle, after which evolution he will usually go ahead.

E. WALTER SMITH.

CORONATION YEAR FIXTURES.

SOME SOCIAL FUNCTIONS THAT ARE SURE TO TAKE PLACE.

John Smith, Esq., of Upper Tooting, will visit Ascot this year, to see the King. Whether His Majesty will see him is another question.

* * *

A meeting has been arranged and will take place at a near date, between the Hon. Algernon Fitz-Brokely and the Duke de Moses, a wealthy nobleman of foreign extraction. If the latter is not sufficiently interested, *i.e.*, if he thinks he will not get enough interest out of it, Mr. Fitz-Brokely will probably make a call on the Marquis of Atten Borough to raise the wind—presumably for a yachting trip.

* * *

Purple is to be the prevailing colour during this Coronation year. The loyalists of the National Sporting Club have elected to wear this beautiful tint on their eyes and noses.

* * *

Lord Tooterwun Barwun will be as much in evidence as usual on racecourses all over the country, and will entertain a lot. He has a very taking way with him. He is understood to intend going the pace more than ever this season; and this is saying a lot, considering that he did 100 yards in 9 3-5sec. when chased by a large crowd at Epsom last year.

* * *

Although, naturally, the bulk of the public interest will be shown to the Crown this year, still the residents (temporary) of the Strand and Fleet Street wine bars will welcome the half-crown with as much rejoicing as they have always accorded to it.

OLD-STICK-IN-WAITING.

THE DOOM OF THE "BITS" PAPER.

WHY THE PUBLIC INTEREST IN CERTAIN WEEKLY PAPERS IS WANING.

It is interesting to consider whether the "bits" paper has not outlived its popularity.

One does not wish to say a word against the paper which created that type of journalism and which has been true on the whole to its traditions of providing clean, if not particularly elevating or instructive, reading for the average home, but this cannot be said of its many imitators.

In a desperate effort to regain waning circulations they have stooped and are stooping to devious devices, which must ruin them in the end.

In their search for cheap sensationalism they stick at little or nothing.

One "bits" paper, for example, recently published the life story of an unfortunate woman made notorious owing to her connection with a murderer. The articles were alleged to be written by a relative of the woman, and they were printed in spite of the fact that she objected most strongly and definitely to the publication of anything at all about her life and herself.

It seems rather a cowardly thing thus to hurt a defenceless girl's feelings, but let that pass—one characteristic of the "bits" paper is its fondness for publishing the memoirs of notorious criminals.

Reminiscences of that kind appeal only to vitiated and vulgar tastes. Decent people object to the glorification of the criminal.

The "bits" paper, which professes above all things to be for the home, has become cheaply and nastily sensational. It is no longer fit reading for young people.

No doubt, nastiness pays for a time, but only for a time.

The appetite grows with what it feeds on. If you start giving people dirt you must keep on giving them dirt, or they will desert you, and you soon reach a point where the police begin to cast unfavourable glances in your direction.

This is one reason why "bits" papers are doomed; they have committed themselves to a crooked course, and it is too late for them to draw back.

When "bits" papers came into being they appealed to a class who took a curious interest in such statistics as the number of sardine tins which, piled one on top of another, would reach to the summit of St. Paul's.

The demand for this sort of twaddle has vanished, but the "bits" paper still clings to its strange ideas of light and interesting reading.

The "bits" paper is great on facts, but its facts are usually tiresome, and of no value to anybody.

The "bits" paper is essentially inhuman. Save when it draws on criminals or notorious actresses for contributions, it never deals with the realities of life.

It is an unsexed sort of thing. Sport of any kind is anathema to the "bits" paper, if we leave aside its predilection for uninteresting facts about uninteresting professional footballers.

The fiction of the "bits" paper is, as a rule drivel, turned out by machine-made hacks, who make their wooden puppets, the wicked earl, fatal countess, and virtuous governess dance a dreary dance.

Take away their gambling competitions from the "bits" papers and few of them would sell 20,000 copies a week.

They are doomed because they no longer appeal to the decent manhood and womanhood of the nation.

F. MACPHAIL.

THE SPORTSMAN'S FOOD.

HOW ITS NATURE SHOULD VARY FOR DIFFERENT SPORTS.

It is remarkable what changes have taken place even of quite recent years in the methods adopted by athletes and sportsmen generally in preparing for violent forms of exercise; and no department of training has, perhaps, undergone such marked modifications as diet. Nowadays almost every athlete is allowed a far wider selection of foods and dishes than fell to the lot of his more Spartan predecessor of ten or twenty years ago.

In the first place, the old style of trainer always used to infer that every man who is not in strict training has accumulated all manner of evil humours and a large amount of internal fat. Consequently, every sportsman's training, in its initial stages, used to include strong emetics and aperients to combat the former, and intensely weakening "sweatings" to get rid of the latter.

But things are different now, and training for various sports generally takes the form of hard work, with more or less latitude in the matter of food, though each branch of outdoor athletics has a fairly individual diet of its own.

Primarily we ought to divide athletes into two classes: those whose aim is to be "fine drawn," such as sprinters, hurdlers, and, in an exaggerated measure, jockeys; and those whose particular form of sport calls for brawn and weight, such as footballers and boxers.

One of the firm-seated convictions of the old school of athletes, which is now being somewhat shaken, is the idea that meat is the strengthening food *par excellence*.

Without going into unnecessarily dry medical details, we may say that scientists have discovered that the ideal source of muscular energy lies in a combination of three styles of food: albuminous or nitrogenous, such as eggs, meat, peas, and beans; carbo-hydrate foods, such as bread, pastry, and potatoes; and, lastly, fatty foods or hydro-carbons, which include any food of an oily or fatty nature.

It is obvious, however, that this combination would not suit every type of athlete, but that it must be modified to suit each one.

Take the rowing man, for instance. He should not—although he is often encouraged to—eat a lot of meat. He rows or paddles on an average, while training, about three or four miles daily, a performance which does not involve any very great wasting of tissues. Consequently, if he eats much meat, he stores up more nitrogen than his body requires, and as his kidneys cannot throw it off, he contracts those essential ailments of the rowing man—headache, restlessness, and mental irritability.

An excellent staple diet for rowing men is undoubtedly eggs. It may be remembered that a year or two ago the Cambridge eight trained almost exclusively on them.

Consider, on the other hand, the case of the highly-strung type of athlete, the hurdler, batsman, or sprinter. He is very often thin and wiry, and will be prone to greater wear and tear of tissues than an ordinary diet will be sufficient to make good. Consequently, this type of sporting worker will find his fitness and endurance considerably increased if—in disregard of the hoary traditions of training—he "fattens" himself a little, by taking a fair allowance of fatty foods, such as butter, cream, milk, and fat meat.

The same applies to the long-distance runner, with the difference that, in his case, exertion is continued over a protracted space of time, so that foods rich in sugar and starch are advisable. Strangely enough, these are found in two foods which were once tabooed—pastry and potatoes.

J. G. HAYWARD.

HOLIDAYS UNDER CANVAS

A PRACTICAL ARTICLE FOR THOSE WHO CONTEMPLATE TRYING THE OPEN-AIR LIFE.

Like the taste for tomatoes, camping grows on one. The winter, by the inveterate camper, is looked upon as a special time set apart by Providence in which all preparations for the forthcoming summer camp can be made. The taste for the open-air life is one of the healthiest signs of the times. Condensed, it is simply the desire for clean, straight living in the open, coupled with plain food, and the joy of living that the life under canvas gives.

The age of commercialism has rendered the primitive life of the wild impossible; but it is not a hard thing to get away from the clamour of the streets, and the dust-laden air of the cities, into places where the air is good to breathe, and where the sun and rain beat fiercely down with an invigorating freshness that gives renewed life and energy.

THE CHARM OF INDEPENDENCE.

The rise of the established holiday camp, where a payment of something from 16s. to £1 per week is all that is required in order to spend an enjoyable holiday, is a remarkable thing. These institutions possess several little disadvantages, however. In the first place it is the utter dependence on oneself that provides more than half the camper's enjoyment. The camps run by an individual or a company mitigate in some degree this sense of independence. Meals are provided at a fixed time, and are generally served indoors; lights must be out at a given time, and various rules have to be observed, all of which are indispensable to the orderly management of a large camp, but which are, by their very necessity, irksome to the man who prefers to be free of rules and conventions when in camp.

Many men also find it impossible, by reason of distance, to take advantage of the opportunities offered in this way.

The initial cost of starting a camp is, or can be made, extremely small, and were this fact better known it is beyond doubt that a far larger number of men would give the scheme a trial.

THE SITE.

Almost anywhere in the country, and within a few miles of every town, it is an easy matter to find some place on which a tent could be pitched, and from which one can go in to business in the ordinary course every day if necessary.

Half-an-hour's cycle ride, or a railway journey of a few miles, is not an excessive price to pay for the pleasures which are the camper's right. And as for the business man's fears of lateness in the morning, the cool, dewy grass, the glistening river, or the beating tide, rouse the camper with the early dawn, and there is no demand for the extra five minutes in bed, which is a usual craving in town bedrooms.

The bell tent still holds it own as a favourite, all-round article. The standard size will lodge four men with comfort, and when this number is exceeded an extra tent should be pressed into service.

A full-sized tent can be obtained new for £3 10s., and a good second-hand one from a reputable Army contractor will cost from 30s. to £2. This includes all required fittings, pegs, guy-ropes, mallet, and bag for holding tent when not in use, and for easy transport.

For sleeping camp bedsteads are greatly in favour, and the prices range from 10s. upwards. If the camp is to be a prolonged one fairly substantial articles should be secured. Many men plump in favour of hammocks, and certainly several good points can be made in their favour. Chiefly they are more hygienic, occupy less room, and can quickly be taken down and placed out of the way. Also they are cheaper, new naval hammocks costing 5s. each, and selected second-hand ones 2s. 6d. each. Canvas hammocks are far preferable to the hemp variety. They will stand more wear and tear, and are more comfortable.

SLEEPING KIT.

The novice no doubt will have a few harsh comments to make after his first night in a hammock, but the trick of making oneself comfortable is speedily acquired. The great feature to be observed is to place a thick blanket or rug between the sleeper and the canvas—a double army blanket serves excellently. The other rugs and blankets should be well wrapped round the sleeper's body and feet before settling down, and he should acquire the knack of taking his coverings with him when he turns over, and not casting them on to the floor.

Army blankets are far and away the best. The cost is four shillings each, and four to each man is an ample allowance. They should be well aired in the open every day, and when this is done, one washing each year is quite sufficient.

A dining table with extending leaves is an inestimable convenience and comfort, and should be about 4ft. by 5ft. when fully open. A deal table, with drawer for holding knives, forks, &c., can be acquired new for 12s., and a visit to a second-hand dealer's will no doubt result in a satisfactory article being obtained for about 5s. For keeping personal belongings in, strong wooden or tin trunks are best, and they should be lifted clear from the floor by means of stones or wood to prevent dampness.

WHAT IT COSTS.

Such boxes are extremely welcome as seats when visitors have commandeered all the available chairs. Canvas-backed deck chairs are most suitable for camp use, and strong, substantial articles can be secured for 3s. 6d. each.

The cooking and eating utensils for four men will run to about 15s.

The whole cost, then, of equipment is about £12, this allowing for everything being purchased new. By judicious purchasing, this amount can be considerably reduced, and when knives and forks, chairs, a table, &c., can be borrowed from home, the tent is practically the only expense.

In the writer's camp last year, the total cost of equipment worked out at 25s. per man, and the weekly bill for rations and all living expenses, averaged 12s. per man.

The complete equipment can be easily sold at a fair price, if necessary, the following spring.

A few articles, that are essential to comfort, include an alarm clock, a couple of buckets, one or two coarse linen table-cloths, towels, small mirror, and clothes and shoe brushes.

WHERE TO PITCH THE TENT.

Having decided roughly as to district and locality, a convenient and suitable place for the actual pitching of the tent should be decided on. Several features should be taken into consideration with a view to obtaining the maximum comfort. The ideal camping site is situated by a river, running stream, or on the coast, fresh water being absolutely essential. When this is impossible the place selected should be near enough to some farm or house where a plentiful supply of

pure water can be obtained for cooking and washing purposes. An eye should be given to there being a supply of wood for fires.

Slightly sloping ground should be chosen, and some natural shelter, such as a small hill or clump of trees, should be utilised whenever possible. The ground itself should be of firm hard turf with a gravel subsoil. It is not advisable to pitch directly under a tree, for after rain the tree is still dripping for some time, and also a tent is more exposed to lightning when quite close to growing timber.

A PERIODICAL MOVE.

The position of the tent should be changed at least every fortnight, especially when floor-boards are not used, for in this period the ground gets trodden down hard, and the turf worn off. Accordingly this should be regularly done in order to add variety, as well as to give the turf a chance to recover.

In the heart of the country, or on the coast, it should not be difficult to select a site on common land, free of cost and without any permission. It is always well, however, to make a few inquiries on this head to prevent any possible future disturbance.

Near to towns and close to much frequented roads it is often possible to secure permission from a farmer or landowner to occupy his ground, and a small sum weekly could be paid either as rent or as payment for overlooking the camp during the absence of the inmates.

In all cases, the tent when pitched should face due south. Two men are essential to perform the operation properly. Lay the tent flat on the ground, with the flap uppermost, and insert the pole into its socket, taking care that the hemp ring sewn to the inside is properly adjusted, and packing with rags when necessary to avoid the possibility of the pole bursting through when the canvas is taut after rain. The base of the pole should be planted approximately in place, and the whole tent should be levered up into a vertical position. One man must now hold up the pole while his assistant knocks in the pegs and guys up the tent with the guy-ropes.

PEGGING DOWN.

This operation should be commenced from the flap, and a peg should be driven in at every third or fourth rope, until by the time the flap is reached again, the tent will be fairly securely moored. The final adjustment can now be made, the pole made higher, if necessary, by a block of wood placed underneath, the last pegs can be driven in, and in all well-conducted camps the beer should be broached at this auspicious moment.

If hammocks are to be used, the driving in of the supporting posts is the next operation. The posts themselves should be of fairly hard wood, about 5ft. long by 2in. × 3in., pointed and tarred at one end. They should be driven in at least 2ft., and a hole should be bored 3in. from the top to take the supporting hook.

Having marked the position of the posts the guy-ropes should be released at this point, and the canvas lifted in towards the pole. The posts can now be driven in from the outside, allowing greater freedom and space for driving, and obviating any risk of damage to the tent. When the posts are well and firmly in place, the canvas can be lifted back and secured. A small trench is usually dug around the tent, about six inches wide and four inches deep, to carry away the rain and prevent the turf inside the tent becoming too wet for comfort.

COOKING ARRANGEMENTS.

The fire-place occupies attention next. A rough fire-place of bricks possesses the advantage of enabling the fire to be more quickly lighted when the ground is wet, and it is also more likely to be amenable to reason in a wind, but many campers pin their faith to the old primitive method of driving two forked sticks into the ground and suspending their pots and pans by wires from a cross-bar, supported in the forks, the fire consisting of twigs and wood laid on the ground underneath. The hop-pickers who flock into the hop-gardens in autumn are adepts at this method, though the writer could never achieve any great success at it himself.

By following the plan outlined here, even the novice should have no difficulty in undertaking a camping holiday, which should remain a pleasant memory during the whole of his life.

Whenever the weather permits, the curtain round the bottom of the tent should be brailed up to ensure sufficient ventilation, and during the hot summer nights it can be left up with advantage all the time. The flap also can be left wide open during mild weather. The guys should be slacked off a little during rain, as the canvas contracts when wet. Avoid touching the sides of the tent during rain, as the water finds its way through the canvas wherever touched, and continues to drip with an annoying persistency.

Keep the entrance clear of pegs, for visitors have an awkward trick of falling over them, and although one may not mind their breaking their necks, still it is somewhat inconvenient when the dinner is upset in the course of preparation.

MUSIC HATH CHARMS.

A banjo or some instrument—one that makes a good noise—is a blessing in camp, and even the worst performers are welcomed.

A plentiful supply of refreshments should always be kept in stock, for visitors to camps are usually a thirsty lot and are apt to judge by the hospitality they receive.

A camp run by a family is a joy to be tasted, for girls are experts at open-air cooking, and enter thoroughly into the sport of the thing, if they are the right sort. The way in which many girls can fish and cook, light fires, and handle boats and canoes would be an eye-opener to many men who are apt to think the fair sex something of a nuisance in camp.

And so, you brothers take your sisters, and husbands try a camping holiday with the wife, and you single men—well, get married, and take the wife then.

W. H. BERRY.

OPHTHALMIC QUACKS.

ARE CHEAP BUT DANGEROUS.

Great harm is wrought by quacks who profess to treat and cure serious diseases of the eye. Many of these dangerous impostors undertake to cure cataract without the patient having to undergo an operation.

Their method is to put atropine into the eye. This has the effect of temporarily improving the sufferer's sight, and he goes away shouting that he is cured. Soon, however, he is as bad, if not worse, than he was before, and returns for another injection. In the end he loses all chance of a cure and his sight is injured, if not destroyed, for ever.

Opticians and chemists who undertake to prescribe spectacles also do much harm, though seldom of such a serious nature as that resulting from the malpractices of the regular quack.

It is quite impossible to tell what kind and strength of glasses a person requires without a skilled and thorough examination of the eye, and neither optician nor chemist is trained or competent to make such an examination.

He may give you glasses which apparently suit you, when there is mischief which will be aggravated by their use, and thus often irreparable harm is done before competent advice is sought. Whenever you have reason to think that there is anything wrong with your eyes, consult an oculist.

It may be nothing. The trouble may be due to too much smoking, or some easily preventable cause, but the eye is such a delicate organ, its diseases so obscure and complex, that it takes a specially-trained medical man to deal with them.

The commonest cause of eye trouble among men is smoking, more especially cigarette smoking.

"THE SHED" AT NIGHT.

WHEN THE LAST JOURNEY IS RUN, AND THE STEAM IS DOWN.

About the engine-shed, at night, there is an atmosphere of romance.

By day it can hardly be regarded as a romantic object. It is a long, plain, very ugly building built up on an open space at the side of the station, in a very unattractive suburban district, a few miles down the line from the main terminus.

Its roof is of glass, but the glass is so begrimed with coal smoke mixed with steam and oily matter that it looks like a wooden affair. At every few feet there is a break through which, at most hours of the day, a slow, dirty smoke is issuing. Within there is a sound of half-smothered fires and escaping steam.

The shed has window spaces let into its drab brick walls. They are not glazed, and indeed are mere gaping rectangular openings, by which fumes may escape and fresh air may enter, for even engine-cleaners must breathe.

At all hours there is an engine or two in or about the shed. It is a sort of reserve depot for the branches of the system hereabouts.

From the roof long very ugly wooden chimneys stand out several feet high. They are presumably intended to carry off the engines' smoke and steam, but they seem hardly necessary, seeing that these results of combustion escape by doors and windows for the most part.

The shed, then, is not by day a romantic object. Far from it.

But see it at night, when most of the engines have made their last journey and have come home to rest. Few seeing it then could deny it a certain quality of interest and even romance.

You are, perhaps, comfortably ensconced in a corner of the midnight, long-distance express, and you are running through the suburban district slowly.

Just outside the station, as you roll evenly along, you catch a glimpse of the engine-shed and the sidings among which it stands.

The entire appearance of the place and its surroundings has changed. Amid the flickering gas lights there is a sudden glow and glint upon much brass and paint. Huge engines, with something very nearly approaching a tired and weary appearance, are huddled together in what seems utter confusion.

Some face each other, some are back to back, some are drawn up together on parallel lines. One or two are half-way out of the doors of the shed. Through the gaping black spaces of the windows you catch sight of more engines, the fortunate ones that have got home first and have run under the shelter of the shed. There is a glint of light on great brass steam domes.

Every one of them stands absolutely still. Not a piston moves, nor does a single whistle break the monotonous stillness. Scarcely a human being is to be seen.

From many funnels there issues a trail of mingled smoke and steam. It filters out and up with no pressure behind it, with no suggestion of the force and irresistible power that an hour or two ago sent it up in shaking puffs.

The quietude ill suits those monsters of motion. They seem disconsolate, robbed of the opportunity of carrying out their proper work in the world. They are melancholy.

But as you pass on, jangling over the points, and swinging at last on to the straight main line, you recollect that long before you have reached your far destination these idle engines will once more be straining and shrieking and tearing in all directions.

J. MCLEAN.

A STORY OF THE RACING WORLD.

DISAPPOINTMENT'S DERBY

By BERNARD MACKLIN.

It was the magic hour preceding the decision of the Derby, and as every owner with whose acquaintance I was privileged would hear of the victory of naught but his own, I was tempted to seek further afield where the trainers and head lads—men who have long since eliminated enthusiasm in favour of hard, mathematical results of secret trials and public form—foregather and hold levée of such seekers after truth as are anxious to have their money on something that can stay the distance and show the requisite dash up that ascending rise leading to the winning-post that finds out the weak spots in many a Two Thousand Guineas winner.

It was a mission of this praiseworthy description that took me from the madding, bewildered, somewhat perspiring crowd herded within the confines of Tattersall's, across the most popular course in the world, to the big field which is Epsom's paddock. It was while wending my way through the well-dressed, aromatic-cigar-smoking crowd that I experienced a wild shock, for, walking round by the stable's candidate for the big race was Charles Cheddarbury, head lad and trainer's first lieutenant in one of the smartest racing stables in the South Country. Yet, for all that, there was surely no place in which it was more fitting that he should be on that day.

I gave vent to a semi-toned sentence that expressed something of surprise.

At my elbow a voice said:

"Yes, it *is* wonderful, ain't it, guv'nor? But the Boss has been celebratin' the winnin' of this 'ere Derby in advance. So Gorgonzola simply *had* to come with us to-day."

I saw it was a wizened little chap who rode exercise in Cheddarbury's trainer's stable, and I gave him a nod of recognition.

"To look at 'im," the little fellow—he might have been fifteen or fifty—went on, "you wouldn't think that 'e altered Turf 'istory, that (as our Boss wanks it) 'e differenshiated the Derby once, would you?"

If you could have seen the grave and sideboard-whiskered Mr. Cheddarbury (of the obvious nickname) I am inclined to think that you would have agreed with my shake of the head.

"But be strikes you as a man with somethin' sort o' dark about 'im, don't 'e?" my training-ground acquaintance went on, as one lecturing on a rare animal. "It would sound funny to the outsider, perhaps, but I'll bet you'd 'ave been less surprised to see a leadin' light of the Seventh Day Brothers standin' 'ere and admirin' of the latest bit o' go-honery in 'obble skirts, than to catch sight of old Cheddarbury in Epsom paddock on Derby Day, keepin' a watchful eye on the 'ope of our stable. You don't connect 'im with the actual course. It don't strike you as any more 'is element than work is to a racin' judge. That observation's a winner, I think? Thanks—and the 'all right' 's gorn at once. Yes, I'll have a cigarette with you, sir, and thank you.

"Dessay you've 'eard the stories about 'im? Some people say as 'e's the son of a bishop, and that, in spite o' the fact that 'e's got the knack of trainin' 'orses to the hour, 'e detests 'earin' the bettin' on 'em. Another yarn is that our Boss, 'oo knows just what 'e's worth to 'im, won't trust 'im at a race meetin' in case some o' the other syndicates tries k'dnappin' of 'im. Any'ow, while we are, as a racin' establishment, hadmittedly O.T. Tom Pepper at turnin' out a long-priced snip every now an' then, yet, where every other man in 'is place would be earnin' an extra bit o' spendin' money out of paddock final clients (payment strickly by results), old Gorgonzola doesn't make one little brasted shillin' at the game per annum.

"But I knows what's really be'ind it all. Many's the time I ha' been sent slippin' round the 'edges by our trainin' grounds to scare off all the blackbirds, so that they don't come out sudden and set our vallyble thoroughbreds a-boltin' for it. What we fears with regard to blackbirds frightenin' our 'orses, the Boss is on the *key veeve* for, in Gorgonzola's case, with regard to Luvly Woman. You never know but what 'e might break out agen an' then chuck to the winds all remembrance o' the fact that 'e's the most trustworthy 'ead lad that was ever left in charge of a 'ole string by a trainer 'oo spends most of 'is time on the gay in London. It might recur—least that's what our Boss said to one of our Owners one Sunday afternoon.

"I was just dreamin' the winner of the City in a 'ay-rack, and afore I could make a note o' the colours, their talkin' woke me up, an' I 'eard the 'ole story.

"Gorgonzola, you know, used to be a good-lookin' little chap. Very straight on 'is legs; neither wall-eyed, ewe-necked, nor touched in the wind. At the time I'm tellin' you about 'e was 'ead-cook an' bottle-washer in a very small establishment run by a trainer wot *was* a trainer, and not (like some I could name) a fourpenny rabbit got up for Christmas. You couldn't go mistakin' this old Stanner, any road, for someone off to afternoon tea in Bond Street.

"Fact, 'e never wore any collar that 'ad got stiffenin' in it 'cept on Sundays. 'E neither got nor expected about 'arf the stakes as a 'present' for trainin' the winner of a big race, an' 'e 'adn't set 'is eyes on anything like a duke for 'is daughter. A man o' sense 'oo 'ad learnt (so the Boss said) that money ain't worth only the 'appiness it brings, 'e let 'er be fancy free, to choose someone 'oo could give 'er a good middle-class 'ome an' the affection money can't buy. Very romantic, eh? But that's as right as an even-money chance, form all displayed, that clicks. 'E didn't bar, I may remark, the un'appy-lookin' gent opposite, 'oo was a 'ard-workin', non-bettin', steady, an' more or less, as I have said, good-lookin' young feller-me-lad.

"'E used to ask 'im into 'is 'ouse sometimes o' nights, and let 'im drink, if it was winter-time, 'ot grog or mulled ale made with rare tastiness by 'is daughter, Cathy. An' if it was summer, Cathy 'ud mix 'im a glass o' gin-an'-gingerbeer to cool 'im when 'e was playin' bowls with the old man on the purty little bit o' lawn outside the 'ouse. Present-day trainers wouldn't look at that 'ouse, I may say, unless it was done right out by Waring or Maple, an' with a dynamo in the tool-shed to drive the 'lectric light. But that's neither 'ere nor there. I was tellin' you about those drinks, about Cathy an' the gin-an'-ginger. Fancy 'avin' to talk about that—but, as you say, we shouldn't be able to get into the pub over the corner on a day like this.

"Well, this was, as you might understand, a 'appy little all-pals-together stable. The kids was firmly corrected if they did wrong, but in the spring a mother o' twelve 'erself couldn't 'ave been more particular about seein' they 'ad their brimstone an' treacle than old Stanner, an' a weekly tub was an order that was disobeyed only at the risk o' several flicks o' the ground ash.

"In those old-fashioned times, too, the stable 'ad its jockey wot used to reside on the premises, an' 'oo rode trials without expectin' a tenner a day for 'angin' about and playin' penny-up-the-board cribbage with the 'ead lad. Yes, the stable jockey and the 'ead lad, 'Gorgonzola' Cheddarbury, were dead pals.

"Now, the time I'm tellin' you about the stable 'ad a dark 'orse for the forthcomin' Derby in an animal called Norfolk Tom. 'E was owned by a nobleman who was by conviction a Temperance Reformer, and who raced because it was the sort of tradition of the family. 'E was the sort of chap 'oo, if you asked 'im quick, couldn't 'ave told you whether the Manchester November 'Andicap was run at the Bibury 'Unt Meetin' or over the Cup Course at Brighton.

"But all the same 'e rather liked the idea o' bein' congratulated by the Prince. An' money bein' no object to 'im, 'e promised in 'is cute, carneyin' sort o' way no end of a handsome present to Wally Jason, the jockey, an' murmured somethin' about givin' a 'ansome weddin' present to Cathy, as the trainer's reward, in the event o' glorious victory.

"Well, the stable 'ad been winnin' one or two races, an' for all they called 'em 'winners from Arcady' in the sportin' Press, the touts began to tumble that old Stanner was no dud at the game. So, you see, they came doin' the German-spy act in advance round old Stanner's trainin' grounds, and thus got a line to the undoubted chances of this 'ere Norfolk Tom.

"Well, now, to get back to young Gorgonzola ('e *was* young then). Bein' a steady chap, an' savin', an' just a little bit near with 'is money, 'e 'ad long been looked on as the one likely to bring off the 'eart an' 'and double with regard to Miss Cathy. The only others in the race were Wally Jason, the stable jockey, and a smartish young bookmaker ('oo could speak no end o' sentences one on top o' the other without sayin' as much as 'damn') called Stollery. Bettin', at about a month before that Derby, was even money Gorgonzola Cheddarbury, two's agin the stable jockey, an' any price you like Stollery—'cause in the lady's presence 'e used to blush an' be as awkward as a Jew kid in a pork shop.

"Even money, as I say, was the approximate price Gorgonzola Cheddarbury. But I might 'ave added that 'e was travellin' badly in the market, 'cause a month previous 'e 'ad stood at odds on, with five to one bar one betted the rest. The cause of his goin' back in the market 'ad been that 'andsome present promised to Wally Jason in case 'e secured the Prince's congratulations for his lordship. You see 'e 'ad got a bit absent-minded over 'is cribbage just at this time, and 'ad taken sixes where there was dozens, counted three of a kind as three, an' altogether forgot ''is nob' or ''is 'eels.' And then Gorgonzola 'ad taxed 'im with the 'orrible—I mean the plain—truth. 'E loved someone. 'Oo was it? The stable jockey 'ung 'is 'ead. In two seconds Gorgonzola 'ad risen to the occasion, an' chuckin' down the cards an' pickin' up the tuppence losin's that the jockey had flung to 'im, 'e said: 'I can play with you no more'—or somethin' like that.

"In plain words, 'e'd tumbled to it that this bleatin' merchant—ridin' weight as low as seven stun seven on a stamp-paper saddle—was after 'is bird!

"What was the position of the dashin' young 'ead lad now? 'Ere 'e was a-trainin' entirely (gout 'avin' got old Stanner by the 'ind legs) the 'orse what was to provide the weddin' togs, the bridesmaids' brooches, an' (worst of all to stir up the feelins' of 'ate) the 'oneymoon expenses of his rival. 'Ere 'e was sendin' for nicely calculated spins this Norfolk Tom what all the world was talkin' of as the dark 'orse for the Derby Stakes. It was what you might call a little dampin' to 'is work to know that if 'is efforts were crowned with success 'e would be furtherin' the interests of 'is 'ated rival.

"You will ask, doubtless, why it was 'e didn't, as the 'Eart Disease Library puts it, 'speak.' But 'e was too cautious. For one thing, the 'ire

purchase system wasn't on the go then, an' 'e 'adn't got quite enough saved to be able, as you might say, to bet with confidence on 'imself in the Marriage 'Andicap.

"Wherefore, bein' a man 'oo likes to know 'e's got a stone in 'and o' the field bar accidents, 'e didn't care to go for the gloves until 'e saw 'e 'ad enough to put down to show 'e was in earnest, an' could make sure that 'is second string, Bit o' Ready, could come along an' dead 'eat with Romance, if necessary. Savvy?

"Well, 'e was one o' those conscientious fellers 'oo some'ow can't methodically go on the slant. Mornin' after mornin' 'e'd make up 'is mind to give Norfolk Tom only 'arf the work, but at the critical moment 'is 'eart failed 'im. Some'ow 'e couldn't stand an' see that lovely animal go wrong for want of a spin or two. It was against 'is Art. You don't see a good landscape-painter, fagged as 'e may be, leavin' out a single blade o' grass, and givin' way, even under the 'ottest sun, to just stipplin' the green with a big brush. I know. They've painted round our way. They've told me they wouldn't sleep at nights if they did. Neither would Gorgonzola if 'e'd stinted Norfolk Tom of 'is spins.

"Derby Day drew nearer, sir, an' with the improvement of Norfolk Tom, the grin o' the stable jockey was becomin' broader, and the waffin' of 'is cap to Miss Cathy was, I understand, the last word in what you might call classic flourishes.

"In the 'edgerows around the fringe o' the trainin' grounds there was as many touts an' 'orse-watchers as leaves, very nearly, an' after everyone connected with the stable 'ad gorn off, they'd come out like snails after rain only with their little notes in their 'ands, 'an off they'd trot to the post-office like wirin' away punters just 'afore the gate goes up at this very meetin'. And every word said nicer things to the British Public about Norfolk Tom till at last 'e stood at the short odds o' six to four, and favourite for the Derby o' 'is year. A proud position, sir, wherever a hanimal finishes in the actual race.

"Young Stollery, on friend-o'-the family terms at old Stanner's, used to come down for week-ends, an' towards this time 'e was lookin' very grave, because 'e'd laid several very big bets agin' Norfolk Tom, and taken more money about 'im than 'e could lay off, an' they wer'n't like old Henry Potts's clients, bettin' in threepences each way, any to come glad of it, in those days, either? So you'll understand that young Mr. Stollery was also in the hold-off stakes. . . . What a Derby in more ways than one it looked for Wally Jason, the stable jockey. The victory of Norfolk Tom would ruin Stollery and give to Master Wally all the necessary, leavin' Stollery and poor old Gorgonzola at any price you liked.

"Well, Gorgonzola took a review of the situation. What 'ad to be done, 'e reckoned would 'ave to be done quicker than young Plant jumpin' off in a five-furlong race. When the fateful day arrived, sir, when 'e 'eard 'em bettin' on the double on the third race and the Derby, 'e was no longer proof. . . . It was a 'ot day, sir, an' all of a sudden 'e took a bit o' compassion on Norfolk Tom 'oo 'e reckoned would be feelin' something like a gargle.

"'E visits 'im in 'is stable, 'ands to his willin' nose a bucket o' water, and tells 'im to drink in it confusion to 'is enemies. (No need to tell you, sir, just what a 'clp—I don't think—is a bucket o' water to a 'orse before a race.) It was for 'er, you see, that the straightest o' 'ead-lads went on the crook—all for lovely woman.

"An hour later Norfolk Tom 'ad finished well in the ruck for the Derby o' that year. But it was Disappointment that had trotted it . . . .

"You never 'eard of a Derby winner 'o that name? Ah, but what would *you* 'ave remembered it as, if you'd been in the shoes of poor old Gorgonzola and 'ad crossed to the ladies' lawn just after the weighin' in, only to find Dicky Stollery—rich in the Norfolk Tom money 'e couldn't lay off—makin' absolutely all the runnin' and comin' on (as it turned out) to win in the commonest of 'ack canters the Trainer's Daughter Stakes?"

FLOATING

AN ACCOMPLISHMENT WHICH EVERY SWIMMER SHOULD MASTER.

There are few more enjoyable things than floating in open sea-water—always assuming that you haven't tumbled overboard and can't swim.

Confidence is essential to success in any form of natation, but never more so than in the case of floating.

It is, of course, ever so much more difficult to learn to float in fresh than in sea water. In the sea you should be able to float after one or two lessons, but in a fresh-water bath it may take you weeks of practice.

The following hints, then, are intended chiefly for fresh-water swimmers.

The first point to remember is to keep the mouth closed when learning to float. At first the water is pretty sure to ripple over your head, until you learn to place the arms properly, with the natural result that, if your mouth is open, in goes the water, out come gasps, gurgles and curses, down go your legs and you have to begin all over again.

The best way to start is to stand on the bottom of the bath, with the arms extended perpendicularly above the head.

Then bend backwards until the shoulders are under water. The legs must be kept rigid and the arms and body so far as possible in a straight line with them.

Now take a deep breath and give a slight push off from the bottom. When I say "push," I don't mean a jerk from the knees, for that is fatal. The whole movement must be slow, steady and careful.

As the legs come up to the surface they should be extended, and, like the arms, kept perfectly rigid.

The position of the hands should be palm upwards, and the head must be kept well back. If you feel yourself sinking, hold the breath and keep the legs rigid, this will quickly bring your face, chest, and toes out of the water, and you will experience the delightful sensation of floating.

The great difficulty in floating is to keep the legs up, for they have an exasperating tendency to sink.

Turning the palms well back or widening the arms will often correct this, but if it doesn't, then outside aid must be called in.

One way, where there is a rail running round the side of the bath and just a few inches above the surface of the water, is to place the feet behind the rail and then to lie back flat on the water.

This will keep the feet up and enable the beginner to practise balancing until he can disengage his feet from the rail and really and truly float.

In the absence of a rail get a friend to help you by standing beside you in the bath and placing one hand under the small of your back and the other under your heels. Then by his removing first one hand and then the other you will find out where your balance is weakest and be able to correct it accordingly.

Many novices think that they can learn to float by swimming on the back and then suddenly stopping the motion, but this is all wrong.

It is a great mistake to suppose that floating is simply a matter of lying flat on the back with arms and legs extended.

The extending of the arms and legs is quite unessential, though it assists the beginner. The expert can lie at ease on the water with his feet together and his arms by his sides.

Every swimmer should learn to float, for in the case of cramp or exhaustion ability to float may make all the difference between life and death to him.

Knowledge that you can float when required means confidence in yourself when in the water, and that goes a long way towards enjoyment and safety.

C. RING.

THE MAJESTY OF THE SALMON RIVER.

THE ANGLER'S PARADISE.

The salmon river is quite unlike any of its lesser brethren; here is no peaceful waterway, slipping along past heavily-foliaged trees, through green and grassy meadows, by church spire and by farms. Instead we have a wild, untamed thing, wild in itself and wild in its surroundings, oftentimes striking awe into the heart of a southern visitor.

Born among the mountain tops a stream that is clear as crystal, cold as ice and pure as the air that greets its exit from the earth, the river gradually grows in strength and volume until, come to the zenith of its size and majesty, it empties itself into the sea.

Its banks are purple with heather stretching up and away to giant woods of fir or running up more sharply to grey and rocky hills.

The grouse and the blackcock haunt these pleasant places, the roebuck shelter where bracken vies with heather, and perchance a field-glass will give a distant view of the wild red deer upon the far mountain side.

Cold and swift and dark flows the water, now smooth now broken; here and there a rock rises to the surface, sometimes the river foams and thunders down over a high mass of boulders, forming a waterfall such as one has been accustomed to associate only with far-distant lands.

Even the less turbulent reaches offer no security for a frail pleasure craft; strong grey boats to be guided by a skilful gillie, well versed in the moods and manners of the currents, lie beached at intervals and awaiting the angler's coming.

The whole scene is far apart from civilisation, far removed from thoughts of city and turmoil; only the boats and a glimpse of a white fishing lodge suggest the presence of man.

Elsewhere the otter plays by night in the pools, though seldom seen by day, and the merganser and other wild ducks find seclusion till they are put to flight by fisherman or gillie.

The salmon himself is not always in evidence; at times he may be seen leaping up the falls on his way up-stream to breed, at other times the disconsolate angler might swear that never a salmon lies in this whole stretch of river, or again fish after fish the livelong day springs straight out of the water, quivers for an instant in mid-air and then falls back. Sometimes they will so jump within a few yards of the wading fisherman.

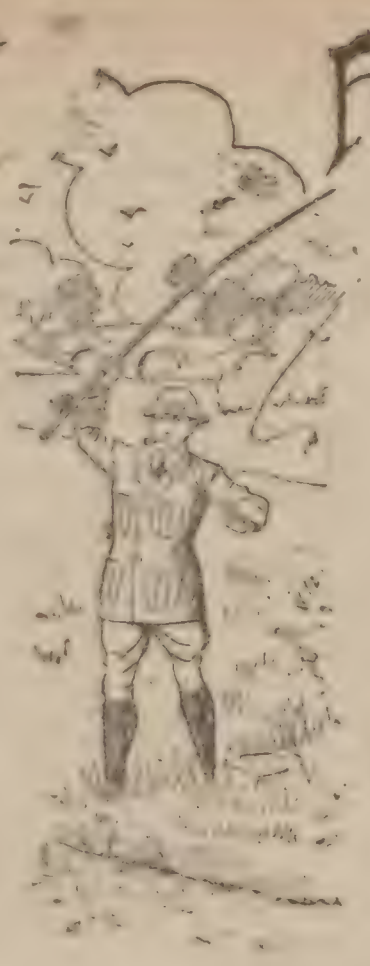
But it is not thus that they come to the fly as it swings round in the current; maybe the rise is not seen at all, but only felt as a violent tug beneath the surface, or perhaps there is a boil in the water tempting one to strike too quickly and too soon.

But once the fly has fastened, the reel screamed and the rod bent to the rush of a good fish, one realises that the majesty of the salmon river is worthily maintained by its chief and most kingly inhabitant.

ALAN R. HAIG-BROWN.

FISHING FOR CHAR.

...OUS METHODS OF CAP-...ING A FINE FRESH-WATER FISH.



Char are lake fish, and ...cial to waters of fairly low ...perature.

In Wales they are known as ...goch, which means "red ...ly," and is an allusion to ... colouring just before ...ing.

At such a time they are ... distinguishable from ...gh, but at other seasons, ...ral is more gorgeous than ... of the lake trout, they often mistaken for him.

The only sure way of de...ning whether you have caught ...char or a trout is to ex...ine his mouth.

In trout there is a double ... of teeth running down ... central bone, but a char ... only a few of these ..., and these are all on the forward part ... bone.

Char are found in lakes all over the king... and do not usually run over half a ... in weight, though not so very long ... a big fellow weighing a trifle over ... pounds was taken in Windermere.

... will take flies, spinning baits—this ... the big chap mentioned was caught—...m.

... take him with the fly very fine tackle ... be used with three or four flies in the ...

...FLIES.

... lake flies, but dressed small, are ... Spinner, with gold twist, is good, ...larly practically is any bright fly. A par...ly deadly fly to char is made as fol...: Bright red, landrail wing, with yel... and body, and a second ... fine, gold twist carried ...ly after the manner of a Palmer ...

...flies must be fished wet, and allowed ... a little below the surface. Indeed, a ... or two may be put on the cast to make ... of their being submerged. The flies ... drawn slowly through the water, ... trail after the boat.

...spinning for char ordinary brook-trout ...-tackle is used, with a heavy lead ... ounce or even more placed on ... four to five feet from the bait. ... should be a Devon, blue phantom, ...minnow.

...LINES.

... or more of line should be let ... chief difficulty is to get the right ... may be near the surface or so ... as ninety feet.

... where the local anglers use what ... as a plumb line. This consists of ... about fifty yards long and ... baits. There is a large swivel ... the line, and to this is attached ... lead. On the line are five droppers ... six to ten yards long, and to each ... is fastened a trace with swivels. ... fastened a spinning bait,

...lead keeps the line almost per... in the water, while the motion of ...boat, as it is pulled slowly through the ...er, keeps the traces extended clear of ...main line.

Char will readily take worm at night, more especially just before daybreak. Well scoured brandlings and worms are used.

The tackle is simple—a long line, a gut cast with two small size hooks, and about a yard above the hooks a quarter ounce of pipe lead.

It is necessary to strike quickly when fishing for char with fly.

Char, which by the way are also known as gally trout, red-wame (in Scotland), and murneen (in Ireland), are very good eating, and potted char is a well-known delicacy.

The finest char in the British Isles, not only in size but in flavour, are undoubtedly those in Windermere and Coniston.

In Cumberland, Westmorland, and Lancashire, where the fish is most abundant, it is frequently caught by means of nets drawn on to the shallows.

The close time for char in England is from October 2 to March 31; in Ireland from November 1 to January 31. In Scotland there is no close time. H. JORDAN.

MAN AND THE ACADEMY.

AN EXPOSITION OF THE MASCULINE VIEW-POINT.

Among a certain section of the public a visit to the Academy is regarded almost as a sort of sacred rite that must on no account be neglected. The parrot-question: "Have you been to the Academy yet?" must always be answered with an immediate "Yes" by some people if they are to retain what they fondly regard as their sublime social standing.

But though the average man—by which we mean the sportsman—is but little concerned with people of this type, he will very often pay his shilling in an idle moment to view what is probably the cream of our modern art as it is turned out year after year.

It is safe to say, however, that most sportsmen, if they had their way, would introduce a good many reforms—or changes, at any rate—into the yearly exhibitions of the Royal Academy. There is little that is virile about it. Rather does it appeal to women or to men who are so deeply imbued with "artistic ideals" as to have lost most of their masculinity.

The man—as apart from the artist—is but little catered for at the Academy. Scan as carefully as you may the rows and rows of pictures in one gallery after another, you will find no sporting subject treated in glowing colours on canvas. But you will find no end of insipid children fondling dogs or rabbits, fat old men in aldermen's robes of office, skinny nymphs being pursued through wholly impossible woodland undergrowth by satyrs who would make good posters for music-hall strong men, and a whole host of busts and statuettes of uninteresting people.

Why does no artist bethink himself of painting a sporting picture? Would a stern finish in a University Boat Race on a typical April day be so far below the condescension of an artist's brush? We think not. At any rate, if modern painters took this hint, there would doubtless be less talk about the lack of interest shown in art. W. H. SUMNER.

PORTERS' PLOTS.

RAILWAYMEN WHO MAKE A SUCCESS AS GARDENERS.

The love of a "bit of land" is deeply implanted in the hearts of Englishmen. It seems to be one of the few instincts that no years of town life have succeeded in obliterating.

In some cases it runs to acres, to parks, estates, pleasure farms, model farms, deer forests, whole islands, and half counties. In others it is by force of circumstances confined to so much of mother earth as can be crammed into a set of six flower-pots and a couple of window-boxes. The instinct is the same.

Probably the owner of ten thousand acres gets no more joy from the contemplation of them, as land, as earth, than the city-dweller gets from watching the earth in his window-boxes or flower-pots.

Between these two extremes there is to be found all over the country every degree and all kinds of expression of this land hunger.

A glimpse down a sweltering London mews often gives a glimpse of luxuriant plant growths hanging from pots or boxes. You may be pretty sure that the occupants of those two rooms over the cab-horse stables came from a remote village, and are trying to perpetuate some of the beauty and colour and healthy earthiness that they remember from days long gone by.

A little fuller expression of the love of earth is attained in the suburbs, where the gardens gradually lengthen and widen as the distance from the centre grows greater.

It is, however, while still in the area of thick population and clustered houses that the pleasant sight with which I am chiefly concerned at the moment may be seen.

The porter's plot is one of the most characteristic sights along the tracks of our railways. The artificial embankments that have been built up, or the cuttings that have been hewn out for the iron road, have not been constructed with a view to horticultural possibilities; but the porter, with a wonderful sense of the possibilities of narrow strips of land not as yet covered by the rails, has found it not impossible to do his bit of gardening. And as a rule he does it very well indeed.

He has not much space to play with. The strips of land occupied by the railways have not much spare space on either hand, but the porter has managed to get an extraordinary amount of return for such land as he has access to.

He is a kind of intensive cultivator, and he has somehow learned the art of producing the best with anything but the best material.

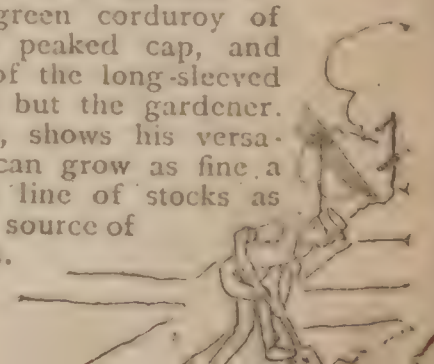
When work is done in the evening, and often before it begins in the morning, he is out in his narrow strip beside the track.

Then the arms that haul the signal levers or that trundle the luggage on the platform, that drive the engine or load up the goods trains, show themselves equally expert with rake and hoe, spade and fork.

The success of his efforts brings him great pleasure. On Sundays when he has fewer trains to attend to, or when he has a morning or an afternoon off duty, you can see him sauntering through the "garden," touching a twig here, cutting a dead spray there, and generally nursing his plants, whether flowers or vegetables, into complete success.

At times the sight seems somewhat incongruous. The dark blue-green corduroy of the porter's uniform, the peaked cap, and the shining brass buttons of the long-sleeved waistcoat suggest anything but the gardener.

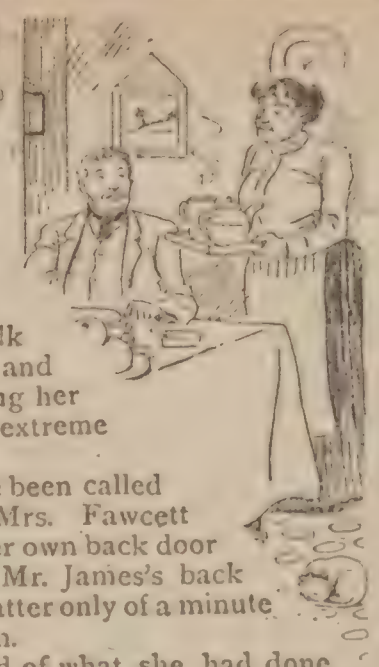
The porter, nevertheless, shows his versatility, and proves that he can grow as fine a row of broad beans or a line of stocks as any one. His plot is to him a source of perpetual joy. M. BRUCE.



NEIGHBOURS

A SKETCH.

By S. MORSE-CHAPLIN.



It is doubtless a reprehensible thing for people to be over-inquisitive, and certainly Mrs. Fawcett was badly afflicted that way.

For long she concerned herself with the problem of what Mr. James, who had lately come to live next door, did for a living, and for long it galled her that his wife was so reticent when she attempted friendly conversation over the garden fence.

Mr. James seemed such a nice quiet young man, altogether too young for it to be right of him to give way to idleness, and he did not look like an out-of-work, he seemed always so cheerful.

She saw that he pottered about his garden most of his time, or tinkered with a hammer and some pieces of wood, and that he was so devoted to his family that he never went out unless accompanied by one of them. She saw, too, that Mrs. James hardly ever went out at all, and that when she did she always seemed in a desperate hurry both going and returning. She observed that her three children were always cleanly and tidily dressed; in fact, quite as presentable as her own—and Mrs. Fawcett had seven of them. And almost all day and sometimes late into the night she heard a sewing-machine at work.

At last she determined, as the impenetrable reserve of her neighbour showed no signs of a breach, to extract what information she could from one of Mrs. James's children.

The eldest of them was an intelligent-looking little girl of about eight years, who promised to be more confiding than her parents, and she asked her in one day and gave her a piece of cake.

"Oh," said the little girl in answer to Mrs. Fawcett's question, as she looked about her with the critical stare common to children, "my dadda's funny in his head."

* * * * * * *

That information satisfied Mrs. Fawcett for a time. If by her sewing-machine Mrs. James had to support a brain-stricken husband as well as herself and three children—and it seemed likely that this was the case—she would have little time to spare for gossip.

But one night when lying in bed Mrs. Fawcett heard the thump-thump-thump of "dollying" going on next door. It was after midnight, and the sound continued intermittently for over an hour.

"Darn that woman!" growled her husband, turning over. "Why can't she do her washing in the day-time?"

"Because she's got something else to do," said Mrs. Fawcett sharply, thinking of the sewing-machine.

Mrs. Fawcett also possessed a machine—formerly the property of her mother. Rather than have such a disturbance going on in the middle of the night, spoiling her husband's sleep and making him bad-tempered, she would offer to help Mrs. James out a little.

The offer was met with a refusal. Mrs. James hurried back into the house and closed the door. Either she resented Mrs. Fawcett's interference . . . or she was going to have a good cry.

Mrs. Fawcett could not decide which, but she felt very inquisitive about it.

* * * * * * *

At last came the day when Mrs. Fawcett could bottle up her curiosity no longer. As if out of pity for her, Fate sent the James family out for a walk early that evening, and Mrs. Fawcett, clutching her opportunity, took an extreme step.

It could hardly have been called house-breaking, for Mrs. Fawcett knew that the key of her own back door fitted also the lock of Mr. James's back door; and it was the matter only of a minute to pop in and out again.

She told her husband of what she had done when he came home, choosing, with what one would have thought an absence of tact, the dangerous few minutes when he was waiting for his tea.

"Oh, Tom," she concluded, and her voice broke, "their pantry's empty. They've scarce got a crust in the house."

Mr. Fawcett creased his forehead and let down one corner of his mouth. This graphically expressed his appreciation of the gravity of the occasion.

He slowly rubbed his hands down his thighs. It was often a hard matter to make both ends meet in his own establishment; but he was not thinking of that at all. He was thinking of hungry children.

"Something'll ha' to be done," he passed judgment. "Can't let 'em go on like that. You'd better go in and see what you can do."

"She's as stand-offish as they make 'em . . . but I'll have a try. Should be the same meself if I was in *her* shoes. Don't like to own up she's in want of anything. Only nacheral."

Mrs. Fawcett wiped her eyes.

"You go and 'ave a talk to 'er," advised Mr. Fawcett, who believed in the efficacy of his wife's tongue when applied to other people. "Tell 'er to let 'er kids come and 'ave dinner with us for a bit, anyhow. Take a long time to get my tea, ain't it?"

That was the beginning of the whole [illegible] doing something for Mrs. James.

She had been trying to keep her home together, since her husband's incapacity for work by making blouses at ten shillings a dozen—and failing in the attempt. She had refused to let her husband be taken away from her so long as his malady had not reached the violent stage. She had dreaded every day that the parish would discover her [illegible] and humiliate her to the extent of offering to alleviate it. And it was generally conceded that she had acted exactly as a self-respecting woman ought to do.

But now that her circumstances were known to her neighbours it would have been ungrateful to deprive them of the pleasure of helping her. They rallied round, performing their acts of charity with the utmost matter-of-factness.

"You never know," said they, in apology, "when you might want a friend yourself."

And until the time when Mr. James endeavoured to cut the youngest child's throat with a table-knife, and was promptly removed to an asylum, there was no privation in Mrs. James's household.

Afterwards, there was one less to feed.

TRAINING FOR SWIMMING.

Next to swimming itself, long-distance [illegible] and cross-country runs are the best training exercises for a swimmer. Walking on [illegible] is particularly good.

Dumb-bells, Indian clubs, boxing, and cycling also have their uses in the swimmer's training programme.

In training for any branch of sport, it is of course, most important to keep the stomach in good order, but especially is this the case with the swimmer, for if his stomach is not absolutely right he is very liable to get cramp in it.

Many good swimmers smoke a lot, but probably they would swim much better if they knocked it off altogether.

Always have a rub down *before* a bath as well as after.

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

Membership of the League is open to all regular readers of this paper. There is no subscription, nor do members undertake any other liability. The League, with its thousands of members, has the means of bringing into touch men of similar tastes and making friendships all over the world.

The wearing of the League badge, which is supplied at cost price in various forms, gives you the privilege of an introduction to other members in whatever part of the country you happen to be.

The League colours are blue, gold, and purple, and can now be obtained by members from Messrs. A. W. Gamage, Ltd., Holborn, London, E.C., in the following forms:—

Straw-hat bands (made up and adjustable)	1s. 4½d, post free	Wide-ended silk ties	2s. 5½d., post free
Narrow bow ties	1s. 5½d., " "	Silk mufflers	4s. 11d. "

The badge is obtainable in the following forms and at the following prices:

Gold-plated tie-pin	6d.	Solid silver tie-pin	1s.
Gold-plated safety-pin	6d.	Solid silver safety-pin	1s.
Gold-plated lapel or cap badge	6d.	Solid silver lapel or cap badge	
Gold-plated pendant for watch-chain	6d.	Solid silver pendant for watch-chain	

9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 6s.

18-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 12s.

Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westminster Building, Strand, London. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

APPLICATION FORM.

Please enrol me as a Member of THE MODERN MAN League, and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

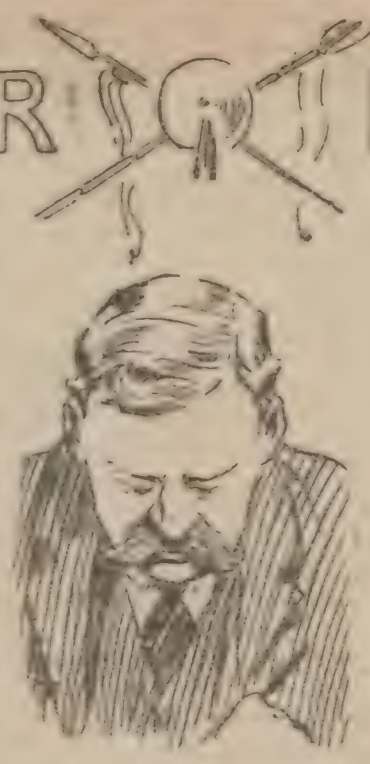
I desire the Badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

THE SOLDIER IN FICTION



THE CIVILIAN WRITER'S PORTRAIT IS USUALLY THE BEST.

People are sometimes so kind as to ask me why I don't write a military novel—"clink of the spur, and all that sort of thing, [illegible]."

To this flattering inquiry I always reply that I couldn't possibly write one. I am certainly an exception to the rule that every man has a novel in him. The man who writes a 100,000 word story has my admiration, which is greater by reason of my one excursion into the realms of fiction.

Some one started a new penny weekly, and, goodness knows why, invited me to write a serial for it. I consented with the enthusiasm of ignorance. The first instalment had to be delivered at once, and for six weeks I churned out some 7,000 words a week, always writing against time. At the end of the sixth week I was suffering from brain-fag, neurasthenia (candid friends called it alcoholic poisoning), neuritis, ingrowing toe-nail, appendicitis, and the "hump."

MY ONLY EFFORT.

I had got the story into the awfullest mess, so much so that they had to call in a professional serial writer—the late Mr. Edgar Lee—to cut the Margate knots I had tied, while I retired to Margate for a prolonged "rest cure."

I recall this harrowing incident because the Critics—that is, the free drinkers of Fleet Street—said that if my romance was rotten all through, it touched the limit of rottenness when it dealt with military life, which, it is to be presumed, I knew something about.

It is a fact that the best stories about soldiers have been written by civilians.

Of course, I don't forget the lively novels of the late Captain Hawley Smart, but with all respect to a popular writer his stories dealt quite as much with racing as the barrack square, and there is no outstanding portrait of a soldier in his gallery.

The late Major Arthur Griffiths had many admirers as historian and novelist, but here again his work was not distinctly military.

It is to civilians that we owe our best and most vivid pictures of Army life and men, and among such writers the names of "John Strange Winter" and Rudyard Kipling naturally crop up at once.

MOST PLAUSIBLE IDEALISM

I have heard Mrs. Stannard criticised for idealising her soldiers, but only by civilians. No doubt she throws a certain glamour over her characters; but does not every novelist do that, except those of that modern school who revel in the unpleasant and call it "realism"?

"Cavalry Life" and "Regimental Legends" are the real thing, containing, as they do, faithful, understanding portraits of the cavalry officer and man of the "seventies."

People say that "Bootles" is "sentimental," but I cannot agree with them. A "man of sentiment," if you like, but sentimental never. I have known "Bootleses" in the Army, though the type is almost extinct, for men of the stamp won't stand a lawyer as a commander-in-chief, nor the making of the Army into a nursery for politicians.

[illegible] wonderful. He gets right under the skin of officer, non-com., and private, more especially the last-named. "Mulvaney," "Learoyd"—they are "It," not peculiar to or any particular branch of the service, but eternal types of Tommy Atkins.

The officers, too, are alive, but when it comes to limning the commissioned ranks, I think he is surpassed by Mr. A. E. W. Mason.

Anyway, in "The Four Feathers" Mr. Mason gave us a marvellously penetrating study of the men who made the Egyptian Army what it is to-day. And again, in "The Broken Road" he gives us some very fine portraits of the strong, silent officer of the Indian frontier.

Both "John Strange Winter" and Kipling are a little apt to dwell overmuch on the lighter side of Army life, and to leave the impression that the soldier is a careless butterfly. Mr. Mason knows the silent, dogged officer who all too often, unhonoured and unsung, does the real spade-work of the Empire, whose simple creed is summed up in the words "duty first."

AN EXCEPTION.

Mr. Robert Blatchford is an exception to the rule that soldiers do not write well about themselves. He is an ex-sergeant of the 105rd (Dublin Fusiliers). If you have never read his "Tales for the Marines," beg, borrow, or steal a copy, and laugh for a week.

"Mayne Lindsay" is the pseudonym of a lady, and her soldiers are anything but the sawdust-stuffed dolls that women writers are apt to make of them.

The Rev. E. J. Hardy, author of "How to be Happy Though Married," and an ex-Army chaplain, has written on his former charges, but I fear I had the bad taste to find his "Mr. Thomas Atkins" unconvincing.

SIGNIFICANT.

Probably a gentleman who declares (in "Who's Who") that his club is his "wife's tea-table" is not the sort of man to overcome the distrust with which Tommy Atkins is apt to regard all "sky pilots" and "devil dodgers."

Like Mr. Blatchford, Mr. Edgar Wallace served his turn in the ranks (Royal West Kent Regiment and Royal Army Medical Corps), and his "Smithy" is good, very good.

On the whole, however, the civilians are easily first when it comes to interesting the novel-reading public in Army men and matters.

"CHINSTRAP."

FOOTGEAR ON BOARD SHIP.

Rubber-soled boots or shoes are incomparably the best wear on board a steamer or yacht.

If, however, you must wear ordinary boots or shoes, then see that the nails are brass. Steel nails rust in the sea air and leave marks on the decks for which owners and captains will not exactly bless you.

CARE OF FISHING RODS.

Ferrules should be vaselined occasionally to prevent sticking. If they do stick, warm the outside ferrule, and, as a rule, they will come apart.

Failing this, apply a little spirit, give it time to sink in, and then warm as before.

Never put a rod away in a damp bag or lean it against a damp wall.

If your rod has got wet, don't put the stoppers or plugs into the ferrules until the rod has had plenty of time to dry again.

If you keep your rod in a canvas case, always be careful to see that the rod is thoroughly dry before you put it into the case, for otherwise the canvas will rot.

From time to time examine the fixings of the rings, and if the thread has given way have it renewed at once.

THE STORMY PETREL.

A SKETCH.

Out at sea the mist veiled the far rocks and the cold wind drove it before it in ragged white festoons southward. Along the shore the breakers, grey-green billows of water white-combed, flung themselves on the pebbles and rushed up the beach hissing and squelching, leaving quivering ridges of foam by the high-tide mark.

The tall cliffs above the beach showed gaunt in the smarting light of the wild, early spring day. Beside the furze that topped the cliff-crags the spiky sand-grass waved in the keen breeze.

Sometimes the beak and head of a sand-martin showed out of the little nest-holes above the chalk ledges. Maybe he looked at the ominous clouds banked up threateningly in the frigid north, maybe he thought that the seagulls wheeling about above the seething waters were welcome to their occupation. For himself there was a warm nest and Love at home.

I turned and looked down to the beach below me.

I saw two men seated on the wooden groins that ran down to the sea. And they sat far apart speaking no word one to the other, and seemingly unconscious of each other's presence.

The first, a young man, traced with his stick semi-circles of which he was the centre. Semi-circle within semi-circle he made, ever widening the radius. On his face there showed keen interest in that which he was doing. Yet, it seemed that he worked mechanically on ground that he had been over before. That he was marking out the stages, the spread of his ambitions, knowing full well just where their limit had been reached.

I watched him as he moved his arm slowly, beginning each fresh ring carefully above its predecessor. Here were the fight for a firm footing, the footing half-gained, the footing gained; beyond them the thought that prompted the seeking of a shelter of a roof of his own she whom he would instal beneath it. Nor was the meaning of the next line that was broken off abruptly in the middle hidden from me.

The young man sighed.

The little stormy petrel that had been splashing by the water's edge wheeled by him, called weirdly, and returned to the wet foreshore again.

The second man—he was well on into the prime of manhood—sat staring straight out to sea. Out on the horizon a great liner southward-bound dipped her pennant to the coastguard station on the cliffs. The man watched as she moved, largely and opulently, free, her great steel bows cutting the way to the open deep. I saw his fists grip, his teeth clench, his nostrils dilate.

A second later that look had been swept away by the tender expression in his eyes that permeated all. He took, it seemed, a flimsy photograph from the back of his watch and gazed at it half-pityingly. Then, tearing it into a hundred fragments, he flung them from him to mix with the sands of the shore.

Something gold that he sent after it fell in the forward wash of the breakers. Momentarily the grey light caught it as the receding tide left it bared to the day. It ran along oddly and I saw, ere the heart of the breaker's cauldron gathered it to itself, that it was a plain gold ring.

I looked for the stormy petrel in which I fancifully saw embodied the Thing that Nature elects shall rack the lives of men.

In the wake of the liner the bird was winging out to sea.

C. J. NEWTON.

RECORDS IN SPORT.

A DISCUSSION OF THEIR PROS AND CONS.

One of the most notable phases of contemporary sport is a growing tendency on the part of the great bulk of the public to attach far more importance than they were once wont to records and statistics.

There are those who decry and those who approve of this tendency. Which are right?

First of all, are "records," as we know them nowadays, really instinct with the true spirit of sport? There are many things to be said in this connection in their support and also in their refutation.

The record does not always represent a man's real capacity. A man who did 100 yards in 10 seconds on one occasion might easily take another second the next time, and be beaten by runners inferior to those he had beaten the time before.

One drawback of records in running is that they militate against a man's becoming a good "racer." They encourage him to run against the clock rather than against his competitors in the race. They are apt to make him mechanical.

A prominent instance of this is embodied in Mr. La Touche, the old Cambridge miler, who did some very good "times" at the 'Varsity. He was no more nor less than a machine, with no idea of racing tactics.

He could not sprint at will, but would go all through the race with the same swing and the same regular action as at the start. If he lost ground on the first lap, by any mistake, he was bound to be beaten. As a contemporary writer says, "he was like a professional bowler with a natural length, which is the best thing in the world until it is collared, and then it is the worst."

He was the sort of man who makes records but who can't win races.

Records, too, are notoriously unreliable, especially at school and college sports. The writer himself, as a boy at school, did the "hundred" in 10 seconds dead, but, even then, he was in nowise elated thereat, considering that the course was on a distinctly downward slope. None of his later efforts have ever been done in so fast a time, but they have been infinitely better races.

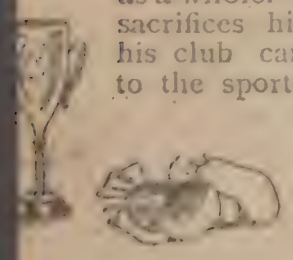
C. B. Fry's best performance—at one time a record—in the long jump was 23ft. 6½in.: and it is a fact that a schoolboy has done over 23ft. The latter, it is true, was on a gradient—but what is the reliability of records when, according to them, so great an athlete as Fry is so closely approached by a boy at school?

However, we have had a whole-hearted "go" at the system of records and record-making from one point of view. Cannot we now say a word in their favour from another?

Especially in running, records are made by means of pacemakers, who stimulate their principal into consistently strenuous work from start to finish of the race. In many an instance a pacemaker has been known to sprint ahead, secure a position on the rails, and hold this against all comers until his own man wanted it, when he has cheerfully surrendered it. And hardly in any case does a pacemaker enter in a race with any hope of winning it. He simply starts with the object of pumping himself out so that another man may do a better performance than he has done before.

In this connection, may it not be urged, in defence of records, that they *do*, in a way, make for sporting spirit? At cricket, and especially football, two games whose sporting character nobody will deny, each man's play is subservient to the interests of the team as a whole. And a system by which one man sacrifices himself to secure a "record" for his club cannot surely be denied some claim to the sporting spirit.

W. G. NOKES.



MY NOTEBOOK.

LONELY PEOPLE.

I have been reading in a London newspaper some interesting comments on the "Less Lonely League," a club which has just been started in New York, and the professed object of which is "the amelioration of the lot of bachelors and spinsters."

A hall, capable of seating five hundred people, was engaged for the first meeting, but only ninety ladies and twelve men turned up.

The most interesting part of the account, however, was in connection with the opinions which reporters of the newspaper obtained from Mr. W. T. Stead, the Rev. W. J. Gomersall, and other gentlemen, who had endeavoured to establish clubs on somewhat similar lines in London. They all agreed that it was extremely difficult to make any such club a success.

I do not wonder at it, for women who would join such a club would, in most cases, be those who had failed to make friends amongst their own immediate acquaintances, and probably the reasons for their failing would still cling about them.

The ninety to twelve proportion is interesting, and shows fairly conclusively that many of the ladies attending that meeting did so with a more definite object than just being made "less lonely."

Women have more opportunities than men have of forming social acquaintanceships and friendships, and if a woman is without friends of any sort, it is usually because her character is of such a kind that she is incapable of forming friendships.

With a man, on the other hand, it is different. The demands of business may necessitate his changing his abode from one town to another, and he finds himself in the midst of people who are entire strangers to him.

Even under such circumstances he is not likely to become a member of one of these mixed social clubs, for he does not want to have a dozen old maids hanging round his neck.

What he does want is pleasant and congenial masculine company. If he wants feminine society he will get it in the course of time, for his men friends have sisters and cousins, not to mention aunts.

To such men THE MODERN MAN League is the ideal, and it has been extremely successful because it makes no attempt to introduce men and women to one another, but applies only to men.

LEAGUE COLOURS.

I am glad to learn from Messrs. Gamage that the demand for the the hat-bands which they have just produced in the colours of THE MODERN MAN League has been highly gratifying.

One of our advertising staff informs me that the other day, while he was waiting in Gamage's, two or three of our League members came up to the counter, and asked for League hat-bands.

"I was awfully glad," he told me, "but, of course, not at all surprised, to find that they were thorough sports. They were not together, but came up separately, and they were all big athletic chaps that the League might well be proud of.

WHY HE DID NOT JOIN.

The other day there called to see me a London reader, who is also a Territorial. In the course of conversation he mentioned that he had not joined the League because he was already a member of several athletic clubs.

"If I joined," he said, "I shouldn't be able to wear the colours of the League very often, as I already have the right to wear several other colours."

For my own part, I have the right to wear a fairly large number of colours—those of my old School, those of my University, those of my Regiment, and those of THE MODERN MAN League.

I like all these colours, for each has associations of its own. They are chiefly in the form of ties, although I have preserved some hat-bands also. I give them all an airing occasionally, and I can see no reason why a man should restrict himself to the colours of one particular club or institution, for the more colours he has the right to wear the more, I think, does the average man feel pleased with himself.

PARSONS.

A Manchester reader sends me a letter in which the following interesting sentence occurs:

"You would like to meet our parson," he says, "for though he is a parson, he is one of the finest sportsmen that anyone could wish to know."

The phrase that tickled me was "though he is a parson."

I know that in the opinion of many a parson must be a milk-sop, but those who form such an opinion are men who have met very few parsons. The average parson, whatever be his creed, is one of the finest sportsmen going.

I remember one athletic young parson whom I knew in my younger days. As soon as he took up his duties, it became known to all connected with that particular church that he had distinguished himself as an athlete. I rather worshipped him, because he was such a fine big chap. I was only a boy then, and boys are given to hero-worship.

I heard from various sources about the records he had established in the athletic line, and it seemed to me that he was pretty well the ideal of what a man should be.

But I never thought him such a sportsman as one day when I met him carrying a little tin can, with a bunch of flowers resting on the lid of it. He stopped and spoke for a minute or two, and I learned that the can contained soup, which, with the flowers, was being taken to an old woman who was poor and ill.

Since then I have, on more than one occasion, had good reason to regard parsons as being amongst the finest sportsmen I have. I am not referring to parsons of any particular creed, for whether they are Anglicans, Methodists, Roman Catholics, or anything else, they all seem to have the common quality of self-sacrifice and kindly good feeling, and these things are of the essence of sportsmanship.

Not very long ago King George decorated a parson named Father O'Shea, the curate of Ardmore, Co. Waterford.

Two coastguardsmen had attempted, with a line, to swim out to a wreck in Ardmore Bay, at a time when the fiercest gale known for eighteen years was raging. They were beaten back by the heavy seas.

Then Father O'Shea, with the assistance of some of the villagers, ran out a boat.

Everyone in that boat was risking his life, but they were encouraged by the enthusiasm of the parson. They reached the wreck, and brought the three men on it ashore. Unfortunately, these three men afterwards died from exposure, but that fact does not detract from the gallantry of the parson.

And parsons, within my experience, are usually of this type.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

SEEING THE CORONATION.

DO NOT BE SCARED OFF.

[illegible] there occurs an event of great interest, such as the Coronation, [illegible] of people want to be present, but [illegible]s advertise the event so extensively that people begin to reason that many thousands of other people will also want to be present, and, as they cannot afford to have seats in the grand stands, they decide that they had better stay at home.

If the Coronation were not so much advertised every spot would be crowded, but as for weeks and weeks been the leading topic in most newspapers, nearly every one realises that it will be impossible for him to get a good view of the procession, and so people decide to stay away, and there will be plenty of room for those who turn up.

One of the writer's friends took a number of seats in connection with the Coronation of His Late Majesty, King Edward VII. As will remember, that Coronation was postponed, and the writer's friends got back the greater portion of the price that they had paid to the agent with whom they had booked the seats. They did not see fit to send away further money, and when the actual Coronation came off, they took their chance at the bottom of the Haymarket, standing with the crowd, and they had a capital view without turning up at all early.

On the occasion of King Edward's funeral people took up positions on the previous night, and waited patiently throughout the night. Others who were more judicious turned up on the morning of the ceremony, and took their places in Hyde Park, where there was plenty of room for everyone to see the procession, and where there was no need to wait [illegible] hours or to run the risk of being left by the crowd.

On the occasion of the Command performance of "Money," at Drury Lane Theatre, in connection with the recent visit of the German Emperor, some people took up their positions for the five shilling unreserved seats in the gallery as early as thirty-six hours before the commencement of the performance. The so-called "evening" papers made the matter the subject of their placards and special editions, and on the day of the performance hundreds of sightseers strolled down to Drury Lane Theatre to watch the people waiting for admission to the gallery. Some of the people in the queue were playing cards to while away the time, some were sitting on camp stools reading books, while others, new to the business of queue waiting, were simply standing patiently, and getting very tired.

At 6 o'clock the queue when it numbered some two hundred people, but the gallery of Drury Lane has accommodation for about eight hundred. Those who read in the newspapers of the long waits that many had already made, and those who inspected the length of the waiting queue, jumped to the conclusion that there would be no chance of latecomers being admitted, but events showed that they were entirely wrong.

Even those who turned up at the last moment, at the very hour of the performance, were able to obtain a seat in the Drury Lane gallery, and the standing room was never filled at all.

When an event is much advertised everybody thinks that everybody else will be there, and decides to give it the go-by.

As that feeling is so general, there is usually plenty of room for those who do turn up, even at the last moment, and there is every reason to expect that this will be so in the case of the Coronation.

G. WILLIS.

POSING.

"The people here seem to keep up a very imposing establishment," said the greengrocer's messenger, as he met the butcher's vanman at the gate.

"That they do," replied the butcher's vanman, "and it's my opinion that my boss is one of the people they impose upon."

EXACTLY WHY.

She considered it her duty to correct Tommy very frequently. Sometimes she let things pass, but even with that margin there still remained so many occasions for the correction of Tommy that she was getting pretty tired of doing it.

"Tommy," she said wearily, "why do you scratch your head?"

"Because nobody else knows just where it itches," said the little boy.

THE INVESTIGATOR.

The veterinary surgeon was stirring up in a spoon a mixture of some stuff that looked like brown mud.

A young man who was very keen on horses and dogs, and who looked upon the vet. as a fountain of knowledge regarding both these species, entered and watched the proceedings.

"Would you mind tasting a little of this," said the vet., "and telling me what it's like? I've spoiled my own palate by heavy smoking."

The young man who was seeking information took a little of the brown mud on his thumb nail and put it in his mouth.

"It tastes rather bitter," he said.

"Does it burn your tongue?"

"I can't say it does," said the other, "but what is it?"

"That's exactly what I want to know," said the vet. "Somebody's been poisoning the dogs in this neighbourhood with it."

MUCH OBLIGED.

"Send me £10,000 at once," ran the blackmailer's letter, "or the writer will abduct your wife. Write to X.Y.Z., c.o. Charing Cross Post Office."

And the millionaire replied to X.Y.Z.:

"Thank you very much for your kind offer. As you observe, I do not enclose any money."

SALADS AND CUPS.

A BIT OF MASCULINE COOKERY.

Among the few things that the average man ever attempts in the culinary line are salads and cups. He thinks he can make a salad or claret cup better than his wife or landlady. Usually he is disappointed at the result, but these hints will enable him to succeed next time.

The information should be useful at the present season, when many men are fending for themselves while camping out, and others are joining in picnics and so forth.

Let us take an ordinary summer salad of lettuce, mustard and cress, radishes, cucumber, and dressing.

The lettuces, of course, cannot be too fresh; if at all stale or dead looking they should be allowed to soak in water for an hour or two. Then they should be well drained by wringing them gently in a clean cloth.

When cutting up the lettuces, radishes, and cucumber, be careful to use a *silver* knife.

Some people like young spring onions in a salad, but quite as many don't, so unless you are sure of people's tastes in this direction, it is wise to serve the onions separately.

The dressing should be poured *under* the salad, not over it, and should not be stirred up with the salad until it is ready to be eaten.

It is the dressing that makes or mars a salad. Here is a recipe for an excellent dressing: One teaspoonful mixed mustard, one teaspoonful of pounded sugar, two tablespoonfuls salad oil, four tablespoonfuls milk, two tablespoonfuls vinegar, cayenne and salt to taste.

To begin with put the mustard and sugar in the salad bowl, and add the oil drop by drop and mix well together.

Proceed similarly with the milk and the vinegar, which must be added very, very gradually.

Here is a good recipe for claret cup: One bottle of claret—good claret, not red ink—two glasses of maraschino, two bottles of soda or seltzer, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, borage, and slices of fresh fruit.

Now to make, put the sugar in a jug, and pour over it the wine and maraschino and set in ice. Slice the fruit in a bowl, pour over the contents of the jug, and when ready to serve add the soda or seltzer and the borage.

Claret cup, as a rule, is too weak and too sweet, while many people think that any old, or rather young, sort of claret will do for "cup." Good claret cup is a drink fit for the gods, but the stuff one usually gets isn't fit for hogs.

I should have said that the above recipe will make enough claret cup for six persons unless they are an unusually thirsty lot.

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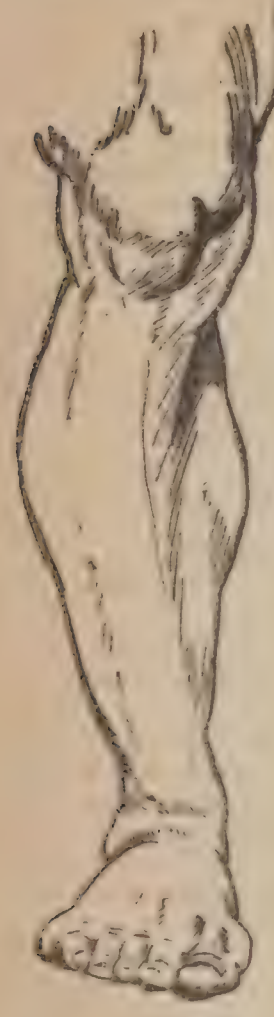


RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

A WEEKLY FEATURE.
Conducted by
F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

BOW LEGS AND KNOCK KNEES.

I have so frequently been asked by readers of this page to help them in curing knock knees and bow legs that I propose this week to deal fully with that subject.

The exercises which I shall describe will be useful to others as well as to those chiefly interested.

In the case of both knock knees and bow legs a good deal can be done in the way of putting matters right if you walk as nearly as possible in the normal manner, and do your utmost to keep your knees from touching, or to keep them close together, as the case may be.

The joints of the knee and the ankle are, to a considerable extent, laterally flexible. That is to say, they can bend slightly sideways as well as in a forward manner.

The knock-kneed man can, therefore, by constantly endeavouring to bend his knees outward when he walks, do a good deal towards bringing his legs to a normal shape.

Similarly the bow-legged man will endeavour to bend his knees inwards.

To secure more rapid improvement it is advisable for the knock-kneed man to bandage his ankles together and to have a pillow between his knees during sleep. The bow-legged man should bandage his knees together and have a pillow between his ankles.

To sleep with the legs thus fixed is uncomfortable, but the results after a few weeks will be an ample reward for the temporary inconvenience.

Developing the outside thigh muscles.

Those with unshapely legs should also go in for special exercises. Horse riding will greatly help the knock-kneed man, as the gripping of the saddle is done largely with the knees. In fact, constant riding during the years of growth actually has a tendency to make one bow-legged.

Swimming will be found very useful in developing the nether limbs in a symmetrical manner.

The knock-kneed man should give special attention to the development of the muscles on the outside of his thighs, as good development there will help to hide his defect.

A valuable exercise for this purpose is the one shown in the first illustration.

Stand with the heels together, the toes turned out and the hands on the hips. Then bend the knees and lower the body till you are practically sitting on your heels. Straighten the knees till you are again in the first position, and repeat until the thigh muscles begin to feel tired.

Another capital exercise for this purpose is to stand at attention, and to rise on the toes as far as possible. Do it slowly, and lower yourself to your heels again, and repeat.

You may give added interest to this exercise by doubling up the fists underneath the armpits, as shown in our second illustration, and by making the arm muscles as tense as possible.

The bow-legged man should endeavour to develop the muscles on the inside of his thighs and on the inside of the calves.

An exercise which will suit his purpose is shown in our third picture. Stand at attention, and raise the right knee as high as possible, keeping the muscles of the thigh and calf tense while doing so. Slowly bring it back to the ground, keeping the muscles tense all the time, and repeat until the muscles begin to feel tired. Then treat the left leg in the same way.

Another exercise for the same purpose.

Another good exercise is shown in our fourth picture. Lie on the floor with the arms stretched out beyond the head. Then slowly raise the feet until the legs are in a perpendicular position, keeping the knees quite stiff and slowly bring the feet back to the carpet. Repeat ten or fifteen times.

I do not think that Captain Saunders has dealt with the matter, so I may be permitted to point out that a good tailor can do much to conceal defects in the lower limbs. He will not, for example, fit a knock-kneed or a bow-legged man with very tight trousers. On the contrary, he will allow a little extra fulness just in the right place, so that, unless the defect is very marked, it will be concealed altogether.

The man with unshapely limbs desires a real and not an apparent cure, however, and if he will follow the instructions I have given he will get it with perseverance and patience.

In such a matter as this it is not possible to secure lightning results, neither is it possible, in most cases, to make deformed limbs as beautiful in appearance as those which are naturally straight.

The man with bow legs or knock knees must not look for perfection, but he can certainly look hopefully for such an amount of improvement that he will not seem noticeably different from his fellow-men.

Developing the inside thigh muscles.

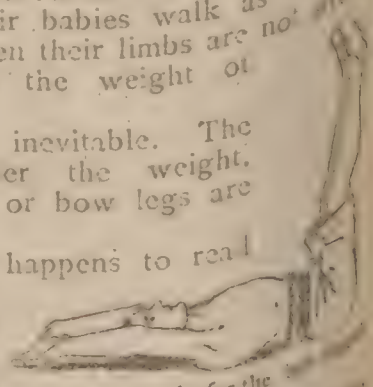
It must, of course, be remembered that the bones of a grown man are practically unbendable, and that the straightening up must take place at the joints.

Where the bones are crooked to a considerable degree, the possible straightening will not be sufficient to make the appearance of the leg straight, but still it will, as I have said, be enough at least to make the man concerned feel no longer odd.

As to the cause of bow legs and knock knees, they may in some cases be due to constitutional weakness in babyhood, but I am convinced that in the majority of instances they are the result of carelessness on the part of the mother or nurse.

For some unaccountable reason, women like to make their babies walk as soon as possible, even when their limbs are not strong enough to carry the weight of their bodies.

The result is inevitable. The joints yield under the weight, and knock knees or bow legs are the upshot.



Another exercise for the men.

If any woman happens to read this page, and I believe that there are a few lady readers of THE MODERN MAN, I hope she will remember what I have said if it be her fortune to have the physique of a baby under her care.

DEALING WITH INQUIRIES.

It has been my practice hitherto to deal with inquiries on the subject of physique direct by post, but the Editor suggests that I shall open a section of this page to a correspondence feature.

I shall therefore do so in future.

I request all readers to keep their queries short and to make their inquiries explicit.

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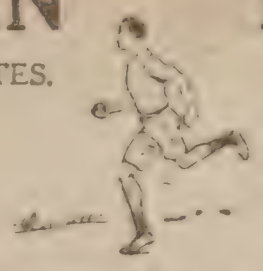
STRIDES IN RUNNING.

SOME HINTS AND ANECDOTES.



Some years ago when a raw "freshman" was training on the Iffley Ground at Oxford, he was approached at the conclusion of the afternoon's work by a famous runner who had represented the University more than once in the quarter. Said this expert being to the freshman in question:

"If you could see yourself run, you would be ill!"

A hardly pleasant way of imparting expert criticism, but the critic was a kindly one, for he took the youngster in hand and so improved his "movements" that he eventually became President of the O.U.A.C.

The moral of this little yarn is the supreme importance of "movements" in various forms of running, and perhaps there is no more important department of them than a correct stride to suit a man's chosen length of race.

First of all, how does a good runner get his stride? There are two distinct styles of doing this, and each has its firm adherents.

THE IMPORTANCE OF SWING.

The first is a sort of "swing" sideways, in which the whole body, but the hips especially, are made to take part. In harrying "time," as it were, with the moving legs, the respective sides of the body are worked forward. In this way a considerable increase of stride is obtained; so much so, indeed, that you can get quite a long one without any very noticeable bend of the knee.

The second action is widely different, for the knees play a very prominent part in it, the frontal thigh muscles are made to lift the legs as high as possible in front, and when the knee has reached its greatest height, the whole leg is shot out dead straight, with almost a kicking movement.

The latter style is known as the Oxford "lift," for the Iffley ground, with its coarse ash, calls for long spikes, which, in their turn, necessitate this sort of action.

It is an exaggerated one, apparently, and at first glance not a little ridiculous, but its wisdom could not have a better example than in Le Maître, who won the Inter-'Varsity quarter-mile in 1887. He had an abnormally long stride, which he obtained solely by this "lifting" action. He accentuated it, indeed, to such a degree that his knees came up, apparently, almost to the level of his chin; but he held the quarter-mile record up to the time of his retirement from active work on the track.

FOR QUARTER- AND HALF-MILERS ONLY.

This action, by the way, cannot be recommended either to sprinters proper or long-distance runners. Its usefulness holds good only over a quarter-mile or a half. The reason is that it militates obviously against a quick start, such as is indispensable in sprinting, and is so laborious that it cannot be kept up over a long distance.

Despite the fact that sprinters move in all manner of different ways, still each has one characteristic in common with the others—namely, a long stride. Six feet is about the length at the start, but towards the conclusion of the race a good runner will be seen to be striding much farther. He moves, too, with a very low action; in fact, a first-class sprinter, viewed from the front, might almost appear to be walking, so little "lift" does he give to the knees.

A quaint but true story is told of Ramsbotham, one of the finest University sprinters of his day. He had a trick of turning his head about half-way through a hundred yards race, and it was observed by an enthusiast, who systematically took measurements, that his usual stride, which was about 7½ feet, fell off at once by about 6 inches from the moment the runner turned his head.

In long-distance running, although a long stride is, of course, a very useful asset, still it is not so important that it should be cultivated where it is not natural. If you have a long stride, so much the better; but it is fatal to long-distance style and endurance to take long strides at the expense of comfort.

H. W. BARR.

OPEN-AIR INTRODUCTIONS.

POINTS OF ETIQUETTE.

If when walking with a friend you meet another friend and stop to speak to him, it is not at all necessary to introduce the two men to each other.

Your first friend should stroll on a few paces and wait for you to rejoin him.

Of course, if you have reason for supposing that they would like to know each other, then an introduction may be made.

If your two friends are ladies, *on no account* should you attempt to make them known to each other, unless you have the strongest possible reason for feeling sure that they would like to be introduced.

When introduced to a lady in the street, don't hold out your hand unless, of course, she offers to shake hands first—just raise your hat and bow slightly.

E. H. HILL.

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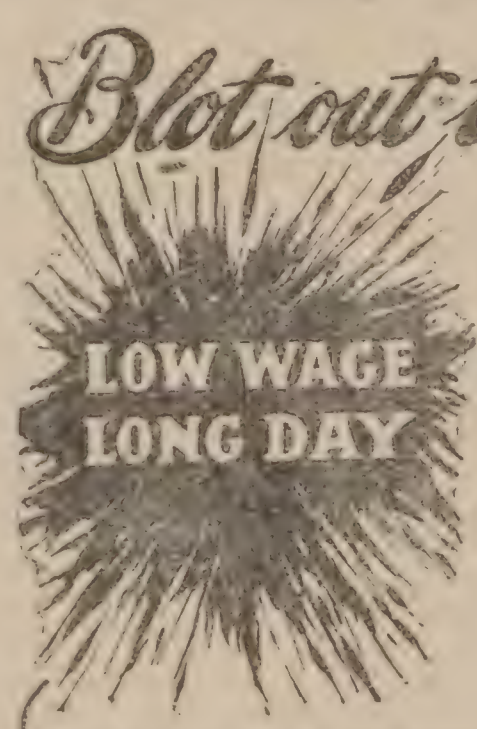

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The Minor Cricketer's Mistakes

SOME FRIENDLY CRITICISMS.

Heaven knows that it is in no unfriendly spirit that I set out to criticise the minor cricketer, by whom I mean more especially the player of the parks, commons, and other public places.

I have a great admiration for him as a very genuine sportsman who gives up his scanty leisure to playing cricket under conditions which are often far from ideal—to put it mildly—and you will often see far more real sport and cricket in a game between two artisan teams than in a match between two gilt-edged county elevens.

Still, as one who, his cricket days being over, finds interest and enjoyment in watching the cricket in the parks, I am not blind to the minor cricketer's faults—not as a man, for both on and off the field he seems to me to be an uncommonly good chap, but as a player.

Like a good many first-class players, the minor cricketer's chief weakness lies in fielding. For this he has far more excuse than the county man, for he has little time for practice, without which it is impossible to become a good fielder.

Still I notice that the minor cricketer is at fault as a fielder, not only in execution but in theory. In short, he does not understand the principles of fielding.

AN ELEMENTARY AXIOM.

It is a fielding axiom that you should always let the ball come to the hand, never thrust the hand at it.

Of course, in the case of a ball going wide to one side or above you, you must jump for it, but the good fielder gets his hand in front of the ball before it reaches him, whereas the indifferent fielder waits until the ball is past or almost past him, and then makes a grab at it, with the result that in nine cases out of ten he muffs it.

The park cricketer is particularly weak when running after a ball. He waits until he can almost reach it and then makes a wild lunge at it. The result again nine times out of ten is that he either misses it or only partially stops it, very likely tumbling over in the effort, and what should have been two runs at the most becomes three or four.

What he should do is to race after the ball until he can bend well over it, so that the ball comes into his hand held with the fingers doubled inwards.

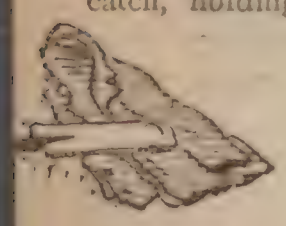
CONCERNING CATCHING.

The minor cricketer's catching is better than his ground fielding, probably because he does practise catching, at least during the intervals of a game. But here again the same fault of snatching at the ball is all too noticeable.

A catch should always be taken close to the body, with the obvious exceptions of chances going wide to one side, above his head, or down at the fielder's feet.

In minor cricket, however, you will often see long-off or long-on waiting for a high dropping catch with his hands held out straight in front of him. This is putting a premium on the ball slipping between them.

The great thing is to get under a dropping catch, holding the hands chest high in the shape of a cup so that the ball drops into them. If you fail to hold it there is a fair chance of catching it again or hugging it to the body.



Other departments in which the minor cricketer is weak are throwing in and backing-up.

Time after time you will see the ball returned "miles" wide of the wicket. This is often the result of over-keenness. The fielder wants to run after a ball, pick it up, turn, and throw it in all in one motion.

Of course, this is the ideal way of returning a ball that has got past you, but it requires far more practice than the average park cricketer has time for. He had far better make sure of throwing the ball in straight than attempt to emulate the skill of a Jessop at cover-point or a Denton in the long field.

Even when the ball is returned straight, it is too often thrown in at an awkward angle, high above or wide of the man at the wicket, or worse still, a full pitch landing at his toes or shin high.

THROWING IN.

The long field should return the ball so that it comes to wicket-keeper or bowler bail high on the first bounce. This is better than a full pitch into his hands, for to make it come to him so from any distance means tossing the ball high in the air and a slow return.

The in-fielder, on the other hand, should as a rule return the ball full pitch and waist high. If he is close in and bounces the ball, he is likely either to make it land awkwardly at the wicket-keeper's toes or bounce over his head.

The minor cricketer is too fond of trying to throw down the wicket, more especially when the wicket is sideways on to him and he has practically only one stump to aim at.

The chance of hitting the stumps is remote, the probability of an overthrow great. This brings me to backing-up, a branch of fielding much neglected by the minor cricketer.

BACKING UP.

The bowler in particular requires backing-up, for he is not to be blamed if he prefers to let a hard return go rather than risk injuring his bowling hand.

Good backing-up will save scores of runs and win many matches.

Other faults I have noticed are a tendency on the part of batsmen to run on the pitch—this is inexcusable—and poor placing of the field.

I was watching a match yesterday where a fast bowler, who was consistently pegging them down on the off, had four men on the on side. This practically meant that he had only seven men fielding for him.

The besetting sin of the minor batsman is an inclination to swipe blindly at any straight, good-length ball.

But with all thy faults I love thee still, humble cricketer of the parks, for you are a right good sportsman who always "plays the game."

L. D. TALBOT.

WHEN FINISHED

With sporting appliances, don't throw them into some cupboard to moulder and rot. Turn them into money by advertising them in the Readers' Sale and Exchange, which you will find on Page 3 of cover. It is always an interesting page.

THE DESIRE OF THE EYES.

A HUMAN SKETCH.

"Don't," said the man's friends, but did you ever know a man take heed of what a friend says when a woman is in the case?

He went on to destruction, as they called it; he would have said to the consummation of his hopes.

She was a very Helen in appearance and he called the feeling he had for her love.

It wasn't—it was only the lust of the eyes.

And she knew it.

"If I were to lose this beauty you would cease to love me," she whispered to him.

He swore with his lips that she was wrong, but the heart against which her cheek rested beat to a contrary measure.

If she had listened to that inner wisdom which women have, she would have dismissed him, but he was good to look upon and he was possessed of great wealth, while she was poor and had extravagant tastes—a Helen without a Troy!

He woke up one day to find he was tired of that particular beauty, that her charms had palled on him. So Helen left her Troy, capturing a Paris en route.

As time went on the man became more and more the slave of his senses. Helen was duplicated more than once.

Then there came a day when something happened. It happens to most men unless they have sunk to a level below the beasts.

He met the Woman!

Of course he looked upon her with ... desire of the eyes. How else? Love ... all is but the delicate blossom of lust, ... which only the perfume is pure.

His friends looked on, but this time they said nothing. They were wiser for one thing. If anyone could stop his mad career it was the Woman!

And she?

She was as cold as the stars on a frosty night. She was as chaste as a marble statue.

The dance was over. The man, who had loved so many, and the woman sat in a shaded alcove where the light fell softly ... the perfect profile and turned the brown hair into gold.

They had danced together to the intoxicating strains of a new waltz. It was "the hour and the place and the loved one, all together."

He forgot about the star to which he had likened her, and the marble statue. He only saw that she was a woman and that he wanted her for his own.

And he bent forward until his face ... close to hers, his lips almost on her ... which no man's kiss had ever touched. ... spoke warmly. And she refused him!

* * * * * * *

The man sat in his luxuriously fitted-up flat the next evening, crushed still under his defeat, and wanting the woman more than ever because she had shown herself the ... and the statue.

He would leave England, he told himself.

He had thought she returned his love, or rather he had believed that he could teach her to do it.

There was a knock at the door. His man handed him a letter.

"Come," he read, and her signature.

His man thought his master possessed—for he rushed off without a word.

"Dear, it was the look in your eyes that I did not understand," she whispered to him, as she nestled into his arms. "And——" but the rest was lost in a kiss. The woman had learnt that the desire of the heart and the desire of the eyes may be one and the same, for though there may be passion without love, love without passion is barren.

A. M. STEWART.

FROM A COTTAGE WINDOW

THE LUXURY OF LONELINESS THROUGH A SUMMER AFTERNOON.

From the open window, white and lightly curtained, the scent of the first wallflower blossoms comes stealing in upon the cool quietude of the room. All round the little cottage they are flourishing; and the soft, dark, wide, almost ragged and velvety petals fall about in their clusters, with a suggestion of entire delight in spreading themselves to the sun's heat and enlivening heat.

Across the road—an old road now abandoned by all but farm-carts of the district, and by the few who know this by-way and prefer its quiet and shade to the new and popular highway—the deepest recesses of the wood have been shut in with foliage. Fan-like sprays of misty green at first accentuated the silent spaces of the wood; but to-day, looking from the cottage window, there are only occasional gaps and spaces in the prevailing barrier of green. A sense of life within the wood persists, and glimpses that one can catch bear out this suspicion.

MY NEIGHBOURS.

For there is incessant movement to within a few yards of the hedge. The young rabbits, hardly bigger than a full-grown rat, are moving about the mossy humps of every great tree; above in the branches of the oaks pairs of pigeons make echoing sounds to each other sounds that can be heard among the trees tones of the human voice in a big build-

other quarters the rasping, tearing, voice of jays warns the whole wood keeper's presence; and one suspects these sharp tell-tales has paid penalty when the keeper's gun re-unexpectedly.

seldom shoots now, and when he does some purpose, as he thinks. He mercy on the jay, but even he will cast off its glorious blue wings and them home.

tiny, polished leaves of rhododendron every sunbeam, and gleaming the other foliage, one might think a log shimmering in the heart of the dazzling to the reflection.

THAT IS WELCOME.

the occasional shower, that is all when a thunderstorm was expected, down with a delicious patter to a earth. It is astounding what an of moisture the growing things now Rains that a month or two ago left the ground wet and clammy thirsty up, and have vanished in half

chair close to the window overall one's thoughts of getting out into dst of the active growth. The silence the pleasant, slow tick of a grand-clock, with grotesque faces and phases the moon on its dial, and with a soft, contented tick that never has been, and never will be, in a hurry, induces a sort of drowsi-trees, next to sleep, and we stay still and hear the progress.

Faintly a gust of wind passes over the trees, even and far away, and in one's half-conscious the voices of the trees are all blended. So, indeed, are the birds' songs.

Nothing but a pleasant murmur reaches the ear. From outside a soft booming, humming sound draws nearer and nearer to the window, then with a sweeping, circling tour of investigation a great bee enters the room, passes with an almost disdainful pause near the flowers in the bowls, and is out again, his "bumbling" dying away with his departure.

Into the room the sun finds its way, farther and farther as the afternoon wears on, and it swings almost opposite to the western window.

In the stillness a field gate bangs home as a labourer brings his horses out on to the road. There is a leisurely tread of hoofs upon the dry, flinty road, and a pleasant tinkle of loosened harness.

NATURE'S BAROMETER.

Swaying in the warm air, long streamers of thin web suggest a fine day on the morrow, or at least a warm and dry evening, and the shiny martins and white-backed swallows flying high give welcome corroboration.

A thick bramble tangle gives cover across the road to the first of the year's young birds, a brood of robins, that click and hiss in their hiding-places in a way that suggests snakes to the ignorant.

It is easy in these circumstances to say that the weeds can be left till to-morrow; that the lawn will not benefit by the hour's rolling you had promised it to-day; that the borders can be trimmed when you have more time! Thus one by one all your good and necessary resolutions are let slip, and you drop from drowsiness to sleep, or something very near it.

A JARRING NOTE.

The last thing you are conscious of is the voice—the not too pleasant voice—of a couple of passing cyclists. Thereafter you will not be held responsible for the distinction between actuality and a wandering, sleepy imagination.

Things assume large and shadowy shapes, flowers flit before you in masses, and you pass over fields on wings that give you great speed.

Then, click, click! With a start you open your eyes as the gate warns you of a visitor. You jump up, rub your eyes, and are just in time to get to the door and welcome a pal to tea.

C. EASTON-GREY.

A CYCLING CAUTION.

WARNING TO THE OCCASIONAL RIDER.

There are two classes of cyclists. One consists of men who make cycling a hobby, whose machines are immaculate in all their plated parts, and whose chains and hubs are always well oiled.

The other is made up of men who simply "keep a bicycle." If accommodation is limited, they possibly keep it in the coal cellar, and give not a thought as to whether the weight of the machine should rest on the tyres or not; neither do they use oil, except when the bicycle audibly demands it by creaking loudly.

The hint here given applies only to the latter class, but that class is a large one.

Your bicycle has been out of use for some weeks, and on a sunny Saturday afternoon you think that a spin would not come amiss. You drag the machine from its hiding place, mount, and set off.

That is precisely what the writer did last Saturday afternoon, but it is probably due to sheer and undeserved luck that he did not break his neck.

When he applied the brakes on going down a fairly steep hill, he discovered that it became impossible to steer the machine, so he put them on still harder, and jumped off.

It took some investigation to see where the trouble lay, and eventually it was found that the fixings of the rear brake had for some unaccountable reason moved slightly, so that when this brake was applied, the little pivot connecting the two rods and attached to the front bar of the frame, came down in such a way as to strike the screws fixing the front mudguard.

As the district is a hilly one, and has a good deal of traffic, a serious accident might have been the result had the defective brake not been discovered early in the ride.

The moral is to go warily at first if you are setting out for a run after having neglected your machine.

Sometimes the nuts slacken owing to changes of temperature. When those holding the wheels to the frame are affected in this way a serious accident may occur, and it is always wise to have a look at the nuts if your cycle has been neglected. R. YOUNG.

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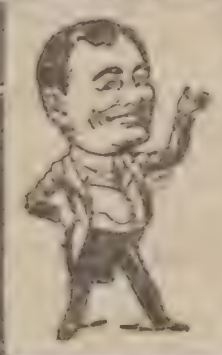

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Business is Business

FOLLOWING YOUR BENT.

A week or two ago I devoted my column on this page to a little dissertation on "grooves." On reading it through in print I confess that it seemed to me horribly like a "Secrets of Success" sermon, but, if I may judge from the kind letters that I have since received from readers, what I then said seems to have struck a responsive note in many men who have been labouring along in grooves and not looking to one side or the other.

The trouble with so many men is that their heart is not in their work. The necessity for earning a living somehow has driven them to take the first thing that came along, and having once got a billet, however uncongenial, they are loath to quarrel with their bread-and-butter and throw it up on the chance of getting something which will be more to their taste.

Many a man has talent latent in him, which, if developed, would enable him to earn a living in the way for which he is best fitted, but which is allowed to remain latent, or at best to be employed only as a hobby.

The minds of my readers will, no doubt, fly to that artistic or literary ability which almost every man imagines he possesses. In some cases it is really there, but very seldom in a large enough degree to ensure a living.

I do not refer, however, merely to talent of this kind. It may be a turn for mechanics or some special branch of knowledge, or research. It may be merely organ-ability or social accomplishments, which lie dormant in a subordinate position in a city office. It may even be some form of physical prow-

But whatever it is, and whether it has [illegible] I am fully certain that the normal occupation for its owner is that in which he will have full scope, and in which he can excel instead of being one of the crowd.

It is the duty, therefore, of every parent and guardian who has an influence on the shaping of a young man's career, and the young man himself, to choose some occupation in which he will have the opportunity of bringing out the best that is in him.

Sometimes it is necessary to take up some other work to start with, while the necessary training for the chosen career is gained in the spare time that remains, but the ultimate end should never be lost sight of.

It so often happens that work taken up temporarily at the beginning leads to the neglecting of that to which it was meant to be only a preliminary. It provides a living, and though one's heart is not in it and it is done perfunctorily, one is liable to go on in the same groove doing the work perfunctorily rather than take the risk of throwing it up for all.

It needs courage; it may involve sacrifice; but if the result is to lift him out of the rut and to enable him to take to work that is pleasant to do and worth doing—well, a man of grit will not hesitate long.

S. T. Young.

FINANCE.

(In this column we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express. —Editor.)

THE PRESENT POSITION.

Dull and lifeless all round is the Stock Exchange position at the time of writing, and the brisk business in stocks and shares which we are all looking forward to is a long time in coming.

The reason why things financial are so slack, while the general trade of the country continues to be so good and promising, is difficult to find; but the prosperous state of trade is bound to be reflected in the "House" sooner or later, and the only thing to do is to sit back and hold tight until the inevitable improvement comes along.

HOME RAILS.

Dover A have moved up during the week and the further discovery of a substantial coal seam in Kent justifies a much higher price for this stock.

Most other stocks in this market are cheap, and investors at present prices will have the opportunity of collecting handsome dividends on their outlay by selling at higher figures in a few months' time.

Operators for the rise, on reasonable margin, need have no anxiety as to the ultimate result of their speculations.

AMERICANS.

At the moment stocks show further substantial rises on the account; but that the rise is being engineered by the big Wall Street houses there is not the slightest doubt, and those who sell for the fall at present prices will not, in my opinion, have many differences to pay, and in course of time—and not long either—the balance in their favour will be considerable.

Steel Common at 83 are very much overvalued, considering the unsatisfactory business the trust is doing, and the almost certain prospect of legislative interference in the future.

Union Pacific Common shares at round about 190 are also much too high, as although the dividend is 10 per cent., the recent returns, both net and gross, have shown substantial decreases.

COLONIAL AND FOREIGN RAILS.

Canadian Pacifics have risen in sympathy with Yankees, but at 240 they are much too high.

Trunks have improved slightly, and there is plenty of room for much further appreciation.

Although fighting between Madero's forces and the Federal troops is at an end, the position in Mexico cannot be all that is desired, as all things Mexican have shown reactions during the week under review.

RUBBER SHARES.

These are better, and I am inclined to think we have seen the worst of this market.

OILS.

These shares have drooped through the lack of business, but the position is sound, and the prospects of producing companies are very good.

MINES.

This market occasionally firms up, only to dribble away again; and, in my opinion, the trend will continue downwards, at any rate in Kaffirs and Rhodesians.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

P. L. (Ascot).—I fail to see that you have any grievance. The Official List shows that stock was sold much lower on the day you name. On the whole, your broker appears to have done well on your behalf.

K. N. (Cheadle).—I think you will be quite safe in placing your money as suggested.

"GREEK."—Send stamped and addressed envelope and I shall be pleased to reply fully.

J. S. (Selby).—(1) I do not advise a purchase. (2) Likely to improve. (3) I see no chance of any immediate return.

A. G. (Portsmouth).—Hold your shares.

D. D. (Hatfield).—If you sell shares for Special Settlement you must pay any calls made in the interim. When you deliver you will receive the amount paid plus the premium at which you sold.

J. R. (Dublin).—There is very little market in the shares you name. Your best plan will be to leave a limit with your broker, who will advise you if any shares come on offer.

The Financial Editor.

SKIN TROUBLES.

Many men, otherwise in perfect health, suffer from pimples and other blemishes on their cheeks and neck.

Many remedies are advertised for the cure of such disorders, but none are better than the Sulpholine preparations, manufactured by Messrs. Pepper and Co., Ltd., Bedford Laboratory, London, S.E.

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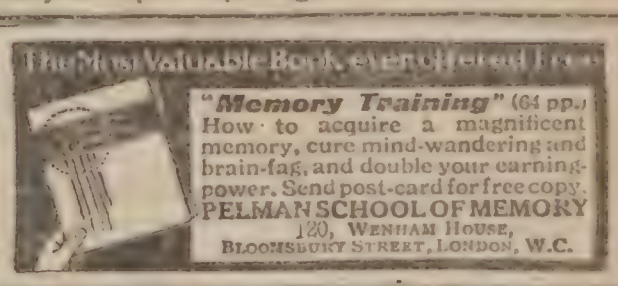
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A FURTHER EPISODE IN THE CAREER OF THE KING OF KNAVES.

FERRIS IN A TIGHT FIX

By E. WADE LANG.

His Highness Prince Kurda Ram, from India—name of State forgotten, but the detail is unimportant—was the subject of much public comment when he visited these shores some few years ago.

The illustrated periodicals made much of him.

He was depicted as an enormously stout old gentleman, obesely smiling, clad in flowing robes and a turban, and always with a numerous crowd of grinning sightseers occupying the background of the picture.

His suite was generally composed of three—a small Indian boy, who staggered under the accumulation of purchases, and a pair of dignified, upright natives, tall as Lifeguardsmen, who resembled castings in bronze in their absolute impassivity.

His Highness was opulently magnificent, squandering money as only an Oriental knows how, ostentation the keynote of his extravagance; and he wore enough jewellery on his person to constitute a positive challenge to the enterprising cracksman.

Ferris came into the flat one day in a condition as near to excitement as his indolent imperturbability would permit.

"You should see the jewel suspended on a chain round the old buffer's neck!" he said. "I never saw such a ruby! And diamonds on his fingers as big as walnuts! We must attend to this situation, Burke. It's up to us to relieve his princeliness of a few of his priceless possessions—or remain for ever disgraced. I'm off out again immediately; I've merely got to get into a disguise. No; you'd better not come. I shall work better by myself on this occasion. I'll tell you to-night what progress I've made."

But the night wore past without his returning at all.

It was twelve the next morning before his familiar tap came to relieve my insurgent anxiety. He was dressed as an artisan, and was tired-looking and dirty.

"No success," said he. "I find it's a tougher job than I anticipated."

He was irritable when I began to cross-question him, and disappeared into the bathroom.

He slept during the afternoon, and at night went out again—a thoroughly disreputable vagrant.

Days passed with these intermittent comings and goings continuing—one time in one disguise, one time in another—and I made no attempt to penetrate his oyster-like reserve.

I came upon the Prince myself in Bond Street one morning, waddling stately along in white robes, the inevitable three attendants bringing up the rear; and I gazed at the two soldierly servants and wondered whether their formidability was properly appreciated by Ferris.

As I turned away a voice hissed near me: "*Fool!*"

A ragged tramp slouched on, following the spectacular foreigners, and it was Ferris.

I paused irresolutely, feeling angry at the insulting epithet. What had I done to deserve it? He went on, never turning round, and I returned to the flat in a fume.

"You should keep absolutely out of his way," he warned me when next I saw him. "If he spotted you following him about and then afterwards I wanted you to interview him——"

"Following him about!" I echoed bitterly. "I only came across him by chance. And in any case, if you never give me an idea of what you're up to——"

"My dear chap," he interrupted patiently, "I don't know myself what I'm up to. I'm trying to find a way. . . . He's as wily as a fox, and those dusky retainers are never more than six feet away from him. It's a question of stalk and lie low, watching only for the chance . . . .

"I've got a pretty solid conviction that what he carries about on him is nothing to what he owns at home. He's had different rings on nearly every day this week. And the hopefullest circumstance of all is that he's not living at an hotel—his appetites are somewhat unorthodox, and he likes to have privacy in his *amours*. He's taken a furnished house near the river at Kingston-on-Thames; and shades of Erebus! the games that go on there! Bacchanalian orgies is a mild term to use. The visitors drive away in the small hours . . . .

"The house is staffed with native servants, though they're only low-class babus. It's the two Pathans and himself that we have to fear.

"I've tried getting into the place by daylight—on the pretext of attending to the electric lights—but it's no go. He has evidently laid down the most rigid instructions about strangers, and at night he's always at home himself, with the devil knows what fiendish traps for intruders. I heard one night a solo of blood-curdling yells, probably from a servant who had been unlucky enough to offend him.

"Well, there's never been an uncrackable crib yet—except, perhaps, the Bank of England, and that might be worked with an explosive—and I fancy His Highness Prince Kurda Ram may come to agree with us before we've finished."

"When are you going to reconnoitre the place again?" I asked. "I'm curious to have a look at it."

"To-night—as soon as it's dark. But I don't see that you'll be able to do any good by coming."

"I suppose it hasn't occurred to you," said I sarcastically, "that I might hit on some plan where you've failed?"

"On the contrary, it has," he declared. "but to tell you the truth, old Irishman, it's such a tricky business——"

"Oh, the danger?" said I airily. "If that's all . . . . "

We started out at about nine o'clock, taking the tube to Clapham, and proceeding thence by tram to Kingston.

It was striking eleven when we turned aside from the towing-path, along which Ferris had been rapidly walking for nearly a mile, and a path brought us presently to a low, shrub-topped wall, enclosing the grounds of a good-sized two-storey house lying back beyond the lawn.

The front lower windows were lit up, and the sound of a piano and several shrill and raucous voices singing a popular chorus came clearly through the night air.

Ferris skirted the wall and reached at length a spot where it ended, and a thick holly hedge took its place.

The earth beneath the hedge was banked up, and we lay on our stomachs with arms supporting our chins, watching the house in comparative comfort.

"This'll go on till one or two o'clock," whispered Ferris.

"And afterwards?" said I.

"Darkness and silence. But who's to know where the Pathans are lying?—and to find the potentate's valuables we should have to search the house."

An hour passed, during which we hardly stirred. Fortunately there was no moon. The night was warm and the ground beneath the hedge quite dry.

Half-past twelve struck, somewhere in the distance. The noise of revelry in the house grew more boisterous.

"They'll all be gloriously drunk by-and-by," I muttered.

"Not the Pathans," murmured Ferris. "They come out every night to walk round the house, and I've seen their gait."

"There are only two of them," said I.

"True," agreed Ferris softly, "only two of them."

And there was not another residence within half a mile.

I believe we both decided at that moment, and without the exchange of a further word, what to do. Where strategy was obviously useless, a bold daring attack might succeed. The Pathans once overpowered . . .

I felt the tightening-up of my nerves.

Yet after all we were not destined to carry our plan into effect.

Soon after one o'clock a couple of cabs rolled up the drive to the front door, evidently to carry back the Prince's party to town. A servant came out, and, following him, two women escorted by two loud-voiced men. The Prince himself brought up the rear, and to our utter surprise he climbed bulkily into one of the taxis, the Pathans, his shadows, stepping in after him, and the other four filled the remaining taxi between them.

Then, to the sounds of roystering hilarity from the rear vehicle, both taxis sped away, and we were left staring into each other's eyes in the dark.

"Jove!" said Ferris. "He's gone to continue the carousal elsewhere."

"The other servants?" I said.

"We can terrorise into silence if necessary." He showed me a revolver for a moment, and then replaced it in his pocket. "We'll be patient for just a little longer," he said.

Presently the lights were extinguished in the lower rooms, reappeared at the upper windows, and then went out altogether.

"More luck," whispered Ferris. "They're going to bed upstairs like Christians."

It ought to have occurred to us that, perhaps, we were experiencing a shade too much luck; but I think our native caution was temporarily lulled into false security.

We were forcing a back French window before many minutes had passed, no sound breaking the silence but the gentle grinding of Ferris's gimlet and the low intimate whispering of the trees.

"Got it!" murmured Ferris, as he pushed aside the curtains and stepped into the gloom of the room.

I followed—and the next moment became aware of several things happening at once. Stealthy gliding footsteps had followed mine; the curtain-rings rattled; there came a single guttural word of command, and the switching on of a dozen electric lights.

There, standing on the hearth-rug, his swarthy face widened in an oily smile,

...ince Kurda Ram; behind (for I swung round to see) was a Pathan with a naked dagger in his hand; and guarding the door another Pathan similarly armed, his face im-...ive, his eyes glittering cruelly.

We were trapped.

I looked at Ferris. His hands were in his coat-pockets, his expression was cool, there was even an admiring smile on his lips. I never appreciated his nerve as I did at that terrifying moment.

"You're clever," was all he said.

The Prince continued to regard us with a floating exultation. The Pathans remained motionless as statues.

"My servants are faithful," said the Prince at last smoothly. He spoke English perfectly. "They reported to me your spying, and to-night you have been under their observation since you arrived. I am very pleased with them."

He lingered over the last words with a most unpleasant relish.

"I shall reward them," he said softly. "As for yourselves, it is in my power to ...you to your police to be dealt with ...their laws may provide. I do not intend to adopt that course; it would be churlish behaviour to unexpected guests. I will ask you to honour me by—what do you call it?—by having a drink with me."

He turned to the mantelpiece, and taking a handsomely-chased goblet, of gold ...tly, advanced a few paces towards Ferris.

His smile was still expansive, and the ruby on his breast seemed to flash with a devilish amusement.

A horrible suspicion took possession of my mind.

"Are you agreeable?" he inquired, pausing a yard or two away.

"Delighted," said Ferris, and he held out his hand.

"The vintage is a rare one," added the Prince, approaching him and handing him the goblet. I perceived that Ferris was not the only fearless man in the room.

"And having poisoned us," observed Ferris pleasantly, as he glanced at the contents, "what do you intend to do with us then? Murder is usually punished by hanging, you know."

"There is the river," said the Prince, smiling fatly at the thought of its convenience.

"And if we do not drink?"

"The knives of my servants are sharp."

"How interesting! Your methods are ..., my friend. You do not seem to have ...ered that you are probably over-estimating your advantages."

He cast the wine with a side movement ... the face of the Pathan on guard by the ...or, drove his left forcefully into the ...ring's stomach, and with a single bound ... his fingers on the electric switch.

"Ware the other chap!" he cried, as he put out the lights.

I had faced about instinctively, and was in time to escape the downward-driving ...

I dived to the right, gripped him round ... and threw him clean over my ... with a backward fling. He crashed ... the render to the accompaniment of ... terrible clatter of fire-irons.

I had a very bloodthirsty Irishman for a ... or two. The Prince unwisely lifted ... voice in malediction, and I hurled ...wards the sound, pounding yielding flesh with a savage sense of delight.

Ferris sang out from somewhere in the darkness—

"Make tracks, you idiot! We shall have the whole house on us presently."

I saw him—silhouetted against the grey of the window—mowing down a lithe leaping form with a chair.

"You too," said I.

"Come on!" he shouted. "Damn wasting time with gallantry."

I went first. He caught me up on the lawn and we dashed into the shrubbery abreast.

"This way," said he.

We dropped over the wall, and sped away across a field like hares. I had no knowledge at all where we were, but Ferris kept his bearings unerringly.

"Bear to the left," he said. "We want to get back to the river."

"What for?" I gasped, for it seemed to me the open country was better.

"There's a boat-house I know of just by, and we can commandeer a skiff. Do you hear anyone behind?"

"No. Do you?"

We slackened our pace to listen. No sound of pursuit had so far reached our ears.

"As likely as not," said Ferris, slowing to a steady trot, "they won't know where a police-station is to be found. And ditto a telephone. I fancy half an hour may see us in safety, old Irishman."

It was only then that I discovered I had something clutched tightly in my hand.

I felt it with my fingers, and then stopped short with a positive shout of triumph.

"What the deuce is the matter?" inquired Ferris irritably.

"The ruby!" said I. "Strike a match quick and let's see."

I had unwittingly gained possession of it in the struggle.

"Bully for you!" ejaculated Ferris, delighted. He was striking another match in order to gaze again at the gloriously flashing jewel, when a dark figure leaped up, almost as it seemed at our feet, and sprang tiger-like on Ferris.

The next instant they were rolling over and over, locked in a desperate embrace.

I could not interfere. Their movements were too fierce and too rapid. But the glint of steel was perceptible, and I crouched, watching it with agonised intensity.

"Look out for his twin-brother!" said Ferris in a preoccupied tone.

He was humming, sure sign that the other was weakening.

"I distinctly heard the snapping of a bone; then a sob of pain; then a gurgling.

Ferris remorselessly choked his man into insensibility.

"I think," he said, rising to his feet—"I think we left the other one with a cracked skull. We'd better make ourselves scarce now . . . and that without delay, old Irishman."

The first hint of dawn was visible in the sky as we abandoned the boat just below Hampton. We struck across country to Tooting, and, risking a hue and cry, caught a tram to the City. By seven we were breakfasting in our quarters.

[*Another of these stories will appear shortly.*—EDITOR.]

BAYONET FIGHTING.

A PART OF HIS TRAINING THAT TOMMY REGARDS AS A SPORT.

Although the principles of bayonet fighting form a very important part of the infantry soldier's training, yet it is looked upon by him as a sport, and a very interesting and manly sport at that.

For the information of those unfortunates who have not yet become acquainted with it, it may be mentioned that the bayonet is that knife-like, two-edged weapon that infantrymen fix to the muzzles of their rifles.

It takes its name from the French town Bayonne, where it was first made. It has a thrusting blade of finely-tempered steel, about eighteen inches long, with a wooden handle of four inches, containing a bolt for fastening it to the rifle.

This forms a very formidable and trustworthy weapon, as numerous Boers could testify.

In bayonet-fighting practice, which is indulged in almost daily in every regiment, the real weapon is, of course, not used.

Instead a dummy rifle, provided with an iron rod to represent the bayonet, is brought into use, the weight of this substitute being almost identical with that of the real article.

When the knob on the end of the rod is brought into forcible contact with a fairly solid body, it is pushed, on a spring, inside the rifle, and returns to its normal position when the pressure is released.

This takes away most of the force of a stab on the body during practice.

The bodies of the combatants must, of course, be protected. Thick padded coats and similarly constructed leathern gloves are worn.

A stout leathern helmet entirely covers the head and neck, a strong wire netting being fixed in front to ensure free use of the eyes without risk of damage to the face.

The authorities find it impossible to devise a system of fighting suitable for war in every way. The system in use in the Army is of as practical a nature for preparation for the actual fight as can be obtained, and a soldier who has attained skill in bayonet-fighting competitions would make a dangerous antagonist on the battlefield.

In the practice, four different points and three parries are used. The men are also taught agility in springing forward and backward to and from an attack.

Plenty of activity and ease of movement, combined with rapidity and energy is insisted upon by the skilfully-trained non-commissioned officers who act as instructors.

The men first of all face each other in two open ranks, each man taking the one opposite to him as his opponent.

The word of command is given, and one of each pair makes the point specified, while the other parries it.

When the men are fairly proficient, and able instantly and without hesitation to make up their minds what to do in attack and defence, loose play is indulged in, the men being left to themselves to judge which point or parry best suits the occasion.

At this stage interest increases and most men find it one of the finest of sports.

It has now ceased to become a parade. Competitions are organised, and prizes awarded to the best men, and once the fever catches on, it very rarely dies out.

The Territorial infantryman is all too seldom instructed in this important branch of his work, although not a few take it up as a sport and make a very good show in the bayonet competitions at the Royal Naval and Military Tournament.

Competitions are also arranged for bayonet *v.* sabre.

O. M.

The Outer Man

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

INK AND MILK.

The removal of ink which has been accidentally spilt or spattered on a suit is often given up as hopeless or as incurable except by a professional cleaner.

Benzine, which is the usual stand-by, has no effect at all on ink-stains.

But a simpler remedy is always to hand in ordinary milk.

Pour a little of this into a saucer, if possible before the ink has had time to dry; soak a piece of rag or the corner of a duster in it and rub the ink-stains hard with it.

Except in the most serious cases, the milk will generally remove the ink. The milk itself may leave a greasy stain, but this is easily removed by benzine or even by soap and water.

If the ink is dry, harder and longer rubbing will be necessary.

STRAPPINGS.

When you are having a pair of riding breeches made, it is always advisable to ask the tailor to make the strappings on them come at least two inches higher than they usually do.

The reason for this is that though the strappings as generally fixed certainly protect the breeches on the inside of the knee, they do not protect the lower part of the thigh, where a good deal of the gripping necessary in riding is done, and where a good deal of the friction of the saddle comes.

To prove my contention, you have only to look at an old pair of riding breeches strapped in the ordinary way, and you will find that the cloth shows more signs of wear just above the strappings than anywhere else.

If the strappings were, as I suggest, continued a couple of inches higher, this wear and tear would be done away with, and I do not think that the average tailor would charge you any more.

It is worth while looking carefully from time to time at the stitches by which the strappings are sewn to the material of the breeches. If once these begin to spread, the buckskin of which the strappings are usually made will develop a ridge which soon becomes permanent, and which will lead to great discomfort when it comes between your leg and the saddle.

Buckskin strappings require an occasional scrubbing or cleaning to keep them from turning black in places where the friction against the saddle is greater than in others—for instance, where such ridges as I have mentioned have appeared.

As for the material for strappings, buckskin is generally preferable, though if the breeches are of very stout material they may be strapped with the same stuff.

BLACK TIES.

Many men have a feeling that black ties should only be worn as an emblem of mourning, but the man of taste knows their value.

They provide a strong contrast with a light suit that can be very effective, and, at least, they can clash with no other colour.

A most effective colour-scheme can be formed by choosing a suit of plain grey material without any pattern, and preferably rather smooth-faced, with grey socks and gloves to match, while the necessary relief is provided by a plain black tie and black shoes.

A black tie generally looks best when worn with a white shirt, or at least one of which the prevailing colour is white. With the colour-scheme mentioned above, however, a pale grey or pale blue shirt might look well if the colour was sufficiently subdued.

CLOTHES TO MATCH.

It is only comparatively recently that it occurred to the average man to trouble his head about colour-schemes and things of that sort. Before that it did not even matter to him whether his trousers matched his coat, much less whether his socks and his tie were in unison.

The first colour in which anything of this kind was attempted was green. That colour had, as most of my readers will remember, a tremendous vogue a year or two ago, and green suits, ties, socks, and hats were all the rage.

That some attempt at harmonising the colours of one's attire does tend to a smarter appearance there is no doubt. It makes it clear that some care at least has been expended on one's clothes.

But it can be overdone. A man who is clothed from head to foot, with the necessary exception of his boots and collar, in a single colour, even though it may appear in several shades, rarely looks so well as a man who has skilfully introduced some other colour by way of relief.

AS OTHERS SEE IT.

The wide-brimmed straw hat, according to a daily paper, has aroused the wrath of a certain fashionable Bond Street milliner.

It is always interesting to see ourselves as the other sex sees us, and their views on our clothes are often amusing, if not always instructive.

"While he persists in wearing ugly straw hats with three-inch brims," says our Bond Street friend, "man can no longer taunt women with the danger of their hatpins."

"The experience of several women and men, too—who were present in the crowd at the unveiling of the Victoria memorial was that the broad-brimmed boater was not only more dangerous to those in its vicinity than the hatpin, but also that it more completely blocked the view of the unfortunates in the rear than the largest specimens of feminine millinery. Two men of my acquaintance received nasty cuts in the face from straw hats jerked suddenly back by their wearers in their momentary endeavours to gain a better view. The extra inch of brim worn this season makes all the difference. The one and a half inch hat worn two years ago and in the earlier part of last season was smart in appearance and safe for those who chanced to be near it. The ugly monstrosity of today is not only the reverse of smart, but a constant danger to the public."

It seems a little harsh to call the man's hat an ugly monstrosity because it dares to have a brim 2½ or 2¾ inches broad, whereas a woman can wear one with a brim nearly a foot wide and look "charming." There is surely something reminiscent of the old adage of the pot and the kettle about it.

Personally I am content to continue wearing my "ugly monstrosity" and to be thankful for the change in fashion which gives me reasonable shade from the sun, of which it appears that we really *are* going to see something this year.

I have not as yet done any damage with this dangerous headgear, but I confess that it would occur to me as reasonable to take it off and hold it in my hand if I were standing in a crowd where there was a possibility of catastrophes such as those above referred to.

THE COST OF SMARTNESS.

It is entirely erroneous to suppose that it costs a man much to be well dressed.

There are some men who buy many clothes but who never look well dressed. When their suit is new they look vulgar, and when it is old they look shabby.

The man who knows how to dress looks well even in an old suit, and when he puts on a new one it never seems to be obviously new.

To look well dressed you must have a reasonably good carriage, for, after all, clothes are but the covering of the body beneath them.

You must also apply the clothes brush and, if necessary, a sponge with soap and water, to your suits.

You will also be careful to press your trousers, either in the conventional manner or in that manner which is almost as effective, namely, by putting them beneath the mattress.

Beyond and above all these things, however, is the magic element of taste, which can scarcely be defined, and with which I

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afraid that I sha'l never be able to inoculate those who do not possess it.

The man who lacks taste ought to admit the fact to himself, if he does not admit it to anyone else, and he ought to allow his tailor to select his suits for him, for the modern tailor is, in most cases, a man of excellent taste.

Strangely enough, however, the man with really bad taste usually takes much trouble to select his own materials, and greatly resents any suggestion that the tradesman may make.

It is very much like the person who lacks an ear for music, and who does not know when he is playing or singing out of tune.

A TIP FOR BUTTON-HOLE WEARERS.

In connection with a recent paragraph in which I referred to those small glass tubes which are so useful at this time of year to men who are in the habit of wearing button-holes, but find it difficult to keep the flowers alive throughout the day, a correspondent sends me a useful suggestion.

As I previously remarked, the chief drawback of the glass flower-holder is that if one happens to bend forward or to assume any position other than an erect one, the water is liable to be spilt.

This difficulty, however, can be easily overcome by inserting in the glass tube a small roll of blotting paper, which soaks up most of the water and surrounds the stalks of the flowers, keeping them moist.

Or the top of the tube may be plugged with paper or cotton wool, when, unless you absolutely stand on your head, there is not much likelihood of the water being spilt.

I believe that, strictly speaking, it is considered unfashionable to wear buttonholes nowadays. Certainly they are rarely worn with evening dress.

But a man who is fond of flowers, especially if he can grow them himself, will probably not be very mindful of the dictates of fashion in this particular.

CANVAS LEGGINGS.

Canvas leggings certainly do not look smart for what might be called non-horsey wear—that is to say, the man who prefers breeches and gaiters for walking in would not look so well in canvas gaiters as he would in those made of leather—but for actual riding, especially in the summer months, canvas gaiters are ideal.

They are much stiffer than many leather gaiters, and keep their shape extremely well, and, moreover, although they are woven, they are practically indestructible, and never seem to wear out.

Another advantage is that they can be very easily washed, and that they are quite cheap. But, as I have said, they should be worn only by the actual horseman, and by no others, for they do not look well unless you are on horseback.

SWEATY FEET

Tired feet, tender feet, sore feet, swollen feet and feet that perspire too freely (bluntly called sweaty feet) all are CURED by PEDAL, the most marvellous discovery of modern times, the only remedy of its kind in the world, gives instant relief, cooling to the feet, and clears out all poisonous exudations. No matter how bad your feet are, PEDAL will cure them. Price 1/3, post free; three times the quantity, 2/9, post free.

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(Close to Ludgate Circus).

BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

H. S. (Dundalk).—Cycling is a very good exercise, and there is no reason why you should think of giving it up because you are keen on becoming a successful runner. As part of your training it might almost suit your purpose better than walking, as you are aiming at success in the quarter mile. Walking may be regarded rather as the long distance man's best friend, because it builds up staying power. What you want, however, for the quarter mile is rather speed. Good luck to you, but don't overdo it.

J. G. (Aberdeen).—Don't be upset about getting called over the coals on parade. Probably he didn't mean half of what he said. Some men let their tongues run away with them on such occasions; we don't know why.

G. S. W. (Wanstead).—Practically all lounge suits are now made with permanent turn-ups at the bottom of the trousers, but do not, of course, have turn-ups in the case of trousers that you wear with a morning coat or a frock coat, and certainly do not have them with an evening dress suit.

X. Y. Z.—You do not mention your town, but wherever it may be situated you can take for granted that the bankers will not advance you money on the terms you mention, because they are bankers and not philanthropists.

T. G. (Birmingham).—Better get an experienced friend to help you in the selection of a gun. As you propose to buy a second-hand one, the weapon may be worn-out, and therefore dangerous.

M. J. H. (Manor Park).—The address of the headquarters of the City of London Yeomanry is the Guildhall, London, E.C.

R. N. (Glasgow).—It is usual for an officer to have his khaki "slacks" made with turn-ups at the bottom. You won't really need "slacks" at camp, but they are useful sometimes.

H. J. (Portsmouth).—If you want to have what you describe as a "horsey watch-guard," avoid those hideous affairs with miniature snaffles and stirrups, and get an ordinary lip-strap. It makes a thoroughly good watchguard and is as sporting as anyone could wish for. Any saddler will supply you with one for ninepence or a shilling. Select a round one for preference.

C. R. L. (Huddersfield).—It is amusing to hear that some of your friends describe your hobby of flying war-kites as boyish. They would change their opinion if they had to hold the line attached to one of these kites, and you might invite them to try the experiment. Some of the war-kites we have used for advertising purposes need a couple of men to hold them.

G. McD. (St. Andrews).—We fear you have no remedy against your neighbour. He may offend your æsthetic taste by painting all the fences and woodwork of his garden a garish green, but that would not legally constitute a nuisance. Possibly you might persuade him to present you with a pair of smoked spectacles.

D. C. (Glenbane).—There is no royal road for the would-be contributor. Submit your work to those papers which use contributions of a similar character.

W. G. (Manchester).—You will learn more by watching a farrier at work and by putting intelligent questions to him than you could from any book on the subject.

A. F. K. (Wood Green).—We do not advise you to go to the Gold Coast. It is a very unhealthful place. As you say, the salaries paid to Europeans working there are better than those paid in this country, and so they need to be.

T. T. E. (Sheffield).—Never use polish to buttons that are lacquered. If you do, you will have to keep on polishing them, for the lacquer will come off.

A. C. GLOVER, 39, Wyatt Road, Forest Gate, E., would like to meet a local reader interested in golf.

W. G. S. (Norwich).—(1) Yes. (2) Write to him. (3) Yes.

W. A. B. (Woodford Green) wants us to give publicity to a long letter in which he suggests that the Crystal Palace should become a permanent Empire exhibition centre. Personally we think that exhibitions are very dull.

H. A. (Johannesburg). — The names of Colonial and foreign League members will be published after we have dealt with those resident in this country.

"REX" (Cardigan).—A pair of fairly light grey or fawn breeches would suit you very well for cycling, but see that the material of which they are made is thin. Brown boots or shoes are better than black ones, as they do not show up the dust so much. It is not practical to wear a straw hat when cycling, as the wind is apt to blow it off.

E. McD. (Dublin). — Write to the Emigrants' Information Office, 31, The Broadway, Westminster, London, S.W.

A. P. (Harlesden), **W. H. H.** (Seacombe), **D. N. M.** (Bradford), **G. S. W.** (Leytonstone), **S. M. G.** (Manchester), **F. B.** (Worcester), **J. R.** (Stafford), **T. D. A.** (Rickmansworth), **S. H. M.** (Catford), **W. H.** (Belfast).—Please accept our thanks.

MEMORY TRAINING.

Of all the various systems that have been devised for the benefit of those whose memories are not retentive, probably the Pelman is the best known.

A powerful memory is of the utmost importance to a business man, and those whose memories are not as good as they desire should write for Messrs. Pelman's book, which will be sent to them free, if mention is made of this paper. Their address is The Pelman School of Memory, 120, Wenham House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.

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FELLOW-MEMBERS.

We print below a further instalment of the list of members of THE MODERN MAN *League. We should be obliged if members whose names and addresses have been inadvertently omitted, or who have changed their address recently, would kindly inform us as soon as possible, in order that the roll may be kept up to date. An application form for membership, with full particulars of the badges issued, will be found on another page.*

LONDON *(Continued).*

Woolwich *(Continued).*

J. McLEARIE, Br., Jun. Rough Riders' Class, R.A. Riding Establishment.
R. G. MOLYNEUX, 35, William Street.
S. H. THORNE, 9, Taylor Street.
W. G. TURNER, 3, Hut, P.O. College, Camps.

London, E.C.

G. ANDERSON, 19, Dane Street.
J. W. ANDERSON, 19, Dane Street.
R. BROWN, 27, Fardell's Buildings, Cartwright Street, Royal Mint Street.
W. T. CADE, 31, Milton Street.
A. COLE, c/o E. R. Ward, Esq., 20, Finsbury Square.
S. DOVE, 24, Fort Street, Spital Square, Bishopsgate.
F. H. FARMER, 2, Copthall Buildings.
W. FAULKNER, 14, Amwell Street.
A. F. GATTER, 77, Radcliffe Buildings, Clerkenwell Road.
A. E. HAWKINS, 150, Leadenhall Street.
J. HICKS, 5, Henrietta House, Vincent Street, Old Street.
E. HINES, c/o W. H. Smith & Sons, Salisbury House, London Wall.
—. HOBBS, Bridewell Police Station, New Bridge Street.
S. E. HODSON, 97, Upper Thames Street.
P. R. INGLE, Adrian House, 19, Myddleton Square.
T. V. LANE, 86, Leadenhall Street.
C. J. LEWIS, 23, Bucklersbury.
J. W. LLOYD, 24, 25, and 26, Cornhill.
E. MICHAELS, 247, Commercial Road.
G. OSBORNE, 73, Cannon Street.
A. E. OXER, c/o Heaton, Stride and Co., 13-13, Ironmonger Lane.
H. G. PLOSS, 19, President Street, Goswell Road.
A. S. TAYLOR, 16, Wormwood Street.
G. WALKER, 24, Blomfield House, King Street, Snow Hill.
A. WARNER, 14, Amwell Street.

London, N.

P. GAYFORD, 14, Carlsbad Street.
S. SUGARMAN, 5, Matilda Street, Copenhagen Street.
T. YOUNG, Carlingford Road.

London, N.W.

A. BRADFORD, 21, Charrington Street, Oakley Square.
P. W. EVANS, 9, Balcombe Street, Dorset Square.
W. G. UDALL, 83, Charrington Street.

London, S.E.

D. E. CULLEY, 1, Reverdy Road.
A. LIPSCOMBE, 32, Longley Street.
G. R. SEAGER, Old King's Head, Winchester Street, Borough Market.
G. W. WILLSON, 18, Ontario Street.

London, S.W.

W. H. CUMBER, 9, Grosvenor Place.
G. A. SHIELS, Cashier's Office, St. James's Court, Buckingham Gate.

London, W.

W. BENNISON, 2, Torrington Square.
V. BOTT, 11, Vere Street.
L. BUCHANAN, 10, New Cavendish Street.
L. M. CLIFT, 8, Park Road, Bedford Park.
C. H. COWARD, 11, Vere Street, Oxford Street.
H. C. EDWARDS, 43, Westbourne Road.
W. FOREST, 49, Grafton Street, Tottenham Court Road.
O. GRIFFITHS, 7, Westbourne Square, Hyde Park.
W. H. KERSLAKE, 101, Miles Buildings, Bell Street, Edgware Road
W. KING, 25, Little Portland Street, Oxford Street.
W. KINGSTONE, 25, Little Portland Street, Oxford Street.
W. LAPPIN, 12, Bruton Street.
R. LEACH, c/o A. C. Allan, Esq., 14, South Audley Street, Grosvenor Square.
C. MARLER, The Coburg Hotel, Carlos Place, Grosvenor Square.
B. MARRIOTT, c/o Mr. Tait, 60, Seymour Street.
R. J. MEALING, c/o Coburg Hotel, Grosvenor Square.
S. MILES, 17, Upper Montague Street, Baker Street.
J. L. MITCHELL, 11, Vere Street, Cavendish Square.
T. PULMAN, 19, Dorset Street, Portman Square.

London, W.C.

H. BUSH, Hotel Gwalior, Upper Woburn Place.
S. BYFORD, 71, Marchmont Street, Russell Square.
D. CLEUGH, 37, Great Ormond Street.
J. FELL, 18, Heathcote Street, Gray's Inn Road.
F. A. FERRARS, 141, Long Acre
A. FISHER, 35, Great Percy Street.
E. FORTUNE, King's College, Strand.
W. GUIDOTT, 34, Great Ormond Street.
H. E. HUGGINS, 1, Upper Vernon Street, Lloyd Square.
W. PHILLIPS, 15, Red Lion Square.
S. THOMPSON, 5, Betterton Street, Endell Street.

LONDONDERRY.

D. McALLISTER, 13, Henry Street.

LONG EATON.

F. BRATBY, 61, Hamilton Road.
A. BURNS, 2, Nelson Street
G. CREGGS, 20, Main Street.
F. C. DAVIS, 112, Derby Road.
T. DESTER, 1, Prince Street.
G. A. DEUCHAR, 12, Lime Grove.
A. W. FREEMAN, 8, Alexandra Road.
N. J. GEE, 27, Conway Street.
W. C. GEE, 27, Conway Street.

(To be continued.)

Printed by THE VICTORIA HOUSE PRINTING CO., LTD., Tudor Street, Whitefriars, London, E.C., and Published for the Proprietors, THE MODERN MAN, LTD., by THE UNITED PRESS, LTD., 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C. Annual Subscription 8s. 8d., to be sent to THE MODERN MAN Subscription Department, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
Sole Agents for Colonies: GORDON & GOTCH, London, etc. *South Africa:* The Central News Agency, Capetown, etc. Registered for Canadian Magazine post.

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In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated Order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a Postal Order reckoned at a penny a word, made payable to the Sales Editor, and crossed "& Co." with a minimum of a shilling for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
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The McKinley "Mac," 16s. 6d., carriage paid. The ideal waterproof for Spring wear. Made from light-weight fawn waterproof coating in the fashionable Raglan style, and guaranteed. Wonderful value. Ready for service in all sizes and lengths. Send height and chest measure (over jacket) with remittance. Money returned in full if not approved.—C. and G. McKinley, Tailoring Dept., 7, Gresham Street, London, E.C.

Gentleman's grey summer morning suit by West-End tailor, suitable medium build, 5ft. 9in. high. Cost 6gs.; cash £3.—Box 4605, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Thick brown tweed overcoat for man about 6ft.; also grey tweed suit, had little wear, coat, waistcoat, knickerbockers.—For furth r information apply Box 4606, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Jacket, vest, cap, small black-white check, first-class cloth, cut, chest 38in., sleeve 19in., practically new. Sale or exchange pedigree dog. Approval.—Box 4607, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Superior quality blue serge and grey lounge suits, new, high-class London tailor, height 5ft. 7in., chest 38in., waist 35in., inside trouser seam 31in. Cost £5 10s. each; price £3 3s. each.—Box 4608, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Tennis. Handsome 35s. set, perfectly rigid solid ash standards, complete with ground plates and brass net winder, unused, 19s. 6d.; 15s. waterproof net, bound top, steel cord, 9s. 6d.; four superior 12s. 6d. racquets, beautifully strung and balanced, 6s. 6d. each; 12 best 1911 club balls, 8s. 6d.; the lot for 55s., worth £5 10s. New and perfect condition. Approval.—Box 4603, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Tents. Army bells; best selected; complete; carriage paid, 35s. Price lists free.—Ross's, Official Scout Outfitters, Middlesbrough.

Camping in Lakeland at the Derwent Holiday Camp, Keswick; a genuine offer of free holidays, the most generous and unique offer ever made to the holiday public.—Postcard to Wm. Pattie brings 1911 "Camp Review" (free).

Wanted, salmon and trout flies, lines, and tackle.—Box 4609, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Bagatelle board, folding, complete, with 9 balls, lady's and gentleman's cue, splendid condition, sale or exchange, bargain, 27s. 6d.—Box 4610, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Billiard table for sale, 6ft. by 3ft., balls, cues, marking board, £2 2s.—Box 4611, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Boxing gloves, new, cost 25s.; exchange instruments, gramophone, records.—Box 4612, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Wanted, cheap, for cash, light punt, Canadian canoe, or dinghy.—Box 4613, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Cricket bat, Ayres champion, full-size, cane-spliced, used very little, bought 1906, good spring, cost 35s., accept 20s. Approval.—Box 4614, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wicket-keeping gloves, buckskin, cost 7s. 6d., used twice, 3s. 6d.; pads, as above, 3s. 6d.; lot 6s. 6d.; pair boots, rubber soles, size eight, 3s., genuine bargain, above lot, 8s. 6d.—Box 4615, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Beautiful bat, only used twice, first-class condition, cost 18s. What offers?—Box 4616, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, leather cricket bag (single), must be in good condition.—Box 4617, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Fishermen, Attention! Fish bite like hungry wolves if you use Indian Magic Fish Lure. Price 1s. 1d.—Domestic Supply Co., 120 E Box, 37, Hillcrest Avenue, Leeds.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

Wanted, 3-fold tripod for ½-plate camera, strong. Approval.—Box 4622, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Sacrifice, folding pocket Kodak, 5in. by 4in. 1910 model, complete, with leather case, strap, and folding stand, cost £6 6s.; take £4 4s. or nearest offer.—Box 4623, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Folding pocket camera, 3½in. by 2¼in. films, cost 2 guineas, shutter, focussing scale, complete, 15s.—Box 4624, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

EDUCATIONAL.

Harmsworth Natural History, 28 parts, new. Owner going abroad, unable to take succeeding parts. What offers? or exchange revolver or field glasses.—Fletcher, Front Road, Tunbridge Wells.

"The Modern Man" from No. 1 to date. Perfect condition. What offers?—Box 4600, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Stammering effectually cured by correspondence or personally; treatise lent free.—N. H. Mason, 30, Fleet Street, London (Est. 1876).

Sloan-Duployan Shorthand saves a year's study. Learned in twelve lessons. Eighty words per minute in one month. Used by fastest Parliamentary reporters. Holds the World's Speed Championship. Send postcard to-day for interesting illustrated handbook.—Shorthand Association, Holborn Hall, London.

"How to Make a Speech Without Using Notes." Learn the valuable art of public speaking. Interesting handbook free.—Central London Institute, Holborn Hall, London.

Wanted to purchase, volumes or books on Grocery, cheap and in good condition. Approval.—Box 4604, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

For high grade positions, see Hapgood's advertisement, page 19.

MEDICAL, &c.

The Moustache Grower. Pendun's Moustache Pomade forces a magnificent Moustache in a remarkably short time on the most boyish face. A 6d. tin will be sent by return in plain wrapper (postage 1d. extra). Send 7d. to A. Pendun (Dept. D), 597, Holloway Road, London, N.

Your Teeth as White as Snow. The best powder in the world. Recipe for P.O. 1s.—Box 4161, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Certain Cure for Falling Hair and Dandruff; recipe P.O. 1s.—Box 4160, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

GARDENING.

Wanted, small lawn mower, must be in good repair.—Box 4625, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Greens' 12in. lawn mower with grass box, practically new, in perfect order, cost 97s., sell 50s.—Box 4626, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

FINANCIAL &c.

Wanted, sole rights good selling line for mail order business, or patent rights bought right out.—Box 4158, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

£300 British Homes Certificate, present value £48, premium paid to July, available now. What offers?—Box 4627, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

£250 Bond National Benefit Trust. London subscriptions paid £26 10s. 10d., advance March 1912. What offers? Must sell.—Box 4628, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MISCELLANEOUS.

No More Round Shoulders! Wear Prof. Robertson's braces for chest expansion. Post free, 1s. 6d.—Robertson, 3, Norfolk Street, Blackfriars Road, London.

Safety razors, British make, complete with stropper, 9d., post free. Military hair brushes, handsome pair in box, 1s. 6d., post free.—Travis and Co., 44, Elgin Street, Hanley, Staffs.

A bargain; coat hanger, with trouser-stretcher, new; post free, P.O. 1s. 8d.—Box 3949, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

PAWNBROKER'S : CLEARANCE : SALE.

Send for List of 1,500 Absolutely Genuine Bargains, Post Free to any Address.

Astounding Value. All Goods on Approval.

12S. 6D.—Field, Race, or Marine Glasses, £4 4s. Binocular, as used in the Army; 10 achromatic lenses; 50 miles range; shows bullet mark at 1,000 yards; perfect definition; saddler-made case; sacrifice, 12s. 6d. Approval.

32S. 6D.—Powerful £12 12s. double-draw Binoculars, 12 lens magnification power, by Lumiere; most powerful glass made; name of ship can be distinctly read five miles from shore, quick focus, brilliant field of view, great penetration power; English leather case; week's free trial; great sacrifice, 32s. 6d. Approval.

10S. 6D.—Gent.'s heavy 18-carat Gold-cased Keyless Lever Watch, improved patent (John Forrest, London), absolutely perfect timekeeper, 10 years' warranty; together with fashionable curb double Albert, same quality, with Grecian head seal attached. Sacrifice the lot for 10s. 6d., worth 50s. Great bargain. Approval willingly.

10S. 6D.—Organ-tone Melodeon, magnificent 63s. instrument, registered model, 12-fold bellows (metal bound), 40 sets reeds, 4 acting stops, 2 bass chords. Rich, powerful tone, perfect order. Sacrifice, 10s. 6d. Approval willingly.

19S. 6D.—Gent.'s superior quality, £4 15s. tailor-made Indigo Blue Serge Jacket Suit, by West-End tailor; smart, stylish cut and finish; 39in. breast, 36in. waist, 32in. leg; never worn; great bargain, 19s. 6d. Approval.

12S. 6D.—Gent.'s Fashionable Double Albert, 18ct. gold (stamped) filled, curb pattern; solid links; worth £2 2s.; sacrifice, 12s. 6d. Approval.

19S. 6D.—Gent.'s £5 5s. solid silver real English hall-marked Lever Watch, examined by the celebrated watchmaker, W. Russell, London, high-grade movement, highly tempered unbreakable mainspring, timed to a few seconds a month, ten years' written warranty; also, gent.'s solid silver English hall-marked massive curb Albert, with silver compass attached; three together, sacrifice 19s. 6d. Approval willingly.

DAVIS & CO. (Dept. 4), Licensed Pawnbrokers, 284, Brixton Road, London, S.W.

GRAND NEW COMPETITION.

£100 IN CASH PRIZES.

IN WHICH YOUNG, MIDDLE AGED, AND OLD HAVE EQUAL CHANCE.

A pair of Sandow's Spring Grip Dumb-Bells to be sent

FOR FREE TRIAL

and carriage paid at once to every reader of THE MODERN MAN who desires to enter this simple competition.

The Sandow Grip Dumb-Bells, which will be sent immediately to every reader who applies, may be used freely for seven days, and there is no obligation at all to purchase, nor is there any charge whatever.

THIS AMAZING OFFER

gives every one of the readers of THE MODERN MAN the opportunity to prove for themselves, without a penny of cost, how delightful and valuable this great new Competition for £100 in cash prizes really is. At the same time, every reader of THE MODERN MAN will learn entirely at our expense how easy it is by the means of this wonderful scientific invention of Mr. Eugene Sandow, the greatest health explorer in the world, to secure perfect health and prevent such ailments as Indigestion, Constipation, Liver Complaints, Insomnia, &c., and also improve his or her physique; to increase the strength of any or all the limbs and organs of the body; to render the carriage graceful and distinguished and acquire that appearance and bearing which commands success in society, in business—in fact, in all the affairs of life.

Any reader can enter; the conditions are such that every boy, youth, young man, middle-aged man or woman, and even old men and women have equal chance of winning.

It is the natural desire of every intelligent boy, youth, young man, and young woman, to improve the physique and enhance their appearance, health, and general well-being. This amazing offer of Sandow's Spring Grip Dumb-Bells and Generous Prize Competition provides a wonderful opportunity and inducement to do all these things.

The middle-aged man and woman must keep healthy, strong, and vigorous, and must prevent the encroachment of the hundred and one ailments of middle life. This offer and Competition will introduce to them the most perfect form of health exercise with monetary reward thrown in. The elderly must set back the clock if they are to enjoy the evening of life. Elderly readers may not only do this by a few minutes a day with Sandow's Grip Dumb-Bells, but may also secure the £100 in cash, which would come in so useful.

With every pair will be sent a Booklet of Exercises, showing you in detail the way to perform each of the original exercises of the Sandow System, also a Chart showing how many times each exercise should be done daily by the average man or youth, together with hints on how, when, and where to exercise, how to take a cold bath, and other useful information.

The chart contains one month's Initiatory Course of Exercises, suitable for the average man or youth, and it has been carefully prepared by Mr. Sandow for presentation and use with every pair of the Grip Dumb-Bells.

To secure the Dumb-Bells on absolutely free trial and full details of the

£100 IN CASH PRIZES

simply send in the Form below. Send no money. Only this form.

FREE TRIAL AND £100 PRIZE COMPETITION FOR READERS.

To Sandow's Grip Dumb-Bell Co.,
Room 39, Sandow Hall,
Bury Street, London, W.C.

Date 1911.

Gentlemen,—Please send by return for free trial one pair* of your Spring Grip Dumb-Bells (and particulars of the £100 free Competition) at .. .. 12s. 6d. Suitable for age. 18 and up.
Youths' .. .. 10s. 6d. 14 to 18.
Ladies' .. .. 10s. 6d. 16 and up.

It is understood that I may either return the Dumb-Bells at the end of seven days without any obligation, or if I decide upon keeping same I will forward a Postal Order for 2s. 6d. as the first payment, and the balance in monthly payments of 2s. 6d. until payment is completed.

Signed.....

Address.....

*** Please cross out sizes not required.**